THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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BELIEVES IN BREECHES.

That is, Eleanor Kirk Thinks Wives Ought to Wear Them in Household Matters.

Every Wife, According to Miss Kirk's Idea, Should Have an Individual Purse of Her Own.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 14.—The following extract from a letter lately received is by no means a novelty. In fact the frequency of such communications seems to me as startling as it is significant.

"I beg you will not think that I do not love my husband, when I tell you that I cannot bear to accept money from him," my correspondent writes. "I have been married five years and I have never yet asked him for a dollar though the necessity of doing so has often been very great. I cannot reconcile his reticence with perfect love, but I do not think any woman ever cared more for her husband than I do for mine. Can you tell me what this means?"

It is my opinion that if a consensus or sentiment could be reached it would be found that at least half of our married women feel the same way. Perhaps I can go further and say that no woman of spirit and sensibility was ever yet known to ask her husband for money. Such a thing should not be required of a woman. A stated sum should always be placed at her disposal, and the suppliant act should be abolished.

Another woman writes: "Why, I had rather go bareheaded and in rags, than ask my husband for money to buy clothes." Life is very hard for such wives, since the disbursement of money in the family and in the shop forms a large part of the average existence. Women who have given up independent occupations to become wives, perhaps feel more keenly than others in this regard. I have very serious convictions as to the advisability of sacrificing a paying business for a doubtful support. If a man can comfortably maintain his wife, and is man enough to make such an arrangement that she need never feel the sense of dependence, then it is perhaps safe enough to give up an active for a passive independence, provided of course an honest affection is the foundation of the contract. But even under such circumstances, with my experience and observation, I should feel like having a string tied to the source of my past revenue. Surely, one cannot be too careful. I never could see why a woman who was independent in a trade or a profession need give up either. There is always some arrangement that can be made to tide over times when marital exigencies call a halt. Why should not the wife contribute to the new house? Why should she not own some stock of her very own? Why may not husband and wife meet in business as in the domestic circle? "The home will suffer," say some of my readers. The best regulated homes that I know of today are those in which the husband and wife have an equal interest in making, and the most unhappy are those where the wife is compelled to submit to a servile dependence upon a man who feels that she is not to be trusted with money. Every wife should have her own purse, and this should be filled according to the circumstances of her husband. But the purse which gives the most satisfaction to every properly constituted woman, is the one in which some of the dollars at least are her very own, earned by her own energy and talent.

While willing to give all the information possible on every subject I am conversant with, I must insist upon drawing the line somewhere, and I find it necessary to draw it in the medical field. I have never taken a medical degree, and everything I have learned has been by observation. The things that I have proved true, I am glad to tell to my neighbors, but I am always very careful never to recommend anything that a good physician will not endorse, and for that reason I cannot give advice except in a general way to the readers who are dissatisfied with the treatment they are receiving. When I said a couple of weeks ago that when quinine was necessary it had best be taken in the form of the soft capsules of quinine sulphate and not in pills, I stated what I knew to be true and what every intelligent physician will bear me out in. But when my friends ask me how often these soft capsules should be taken in case of malaria, and influenza, and headache, and lassitude, I draw the line right there, and reply, ask your physician, or your druggist, if the latter is wide awake and intelligent. But don't ask me, because I know nothing of your constitution or your malady, and because I am not a doctor. But I can say without fear of contradiction that the soft capsules of quinine sulphate are much superior to pills, and that is as far as I can go.

Three months ago a dead baby was born to a little feather headed girl wife, who notwithstanding the lightness of her brain, had managed to have her own way in everything. She had pulled in a twenty four inch waist to the dimensions of an eighteen inch corset, and so spoiled her gait to say nothing of contracting an irreparable spinal injury, that she had the appearance of walking on small rollers or castors. A physician brought into consultation at the most critical period, and afterwards retained by the family, prescribed shoes wide enough for her feet, with spring heels, and gowns and petticoats of the lightest possible weight, and all hanging from the shoulders. This prescription was received with angry tears. "If you do not dress sensibly you will die," the doctor told her. "I'd rather die than look like a fright," was the answer. A few days later a friend exhibited with considerable pride, a pair of shoes with the now fashionable spring heel, she had just bought. The invalid laughed at them. "Why, they are all the rage," said the visitor, "you wouldn't catch me wearing them if they were not." That settled it. Feather head sent immediately for some new boots. Once in a great while Dame Fashion makes a change in the interest of health. Let us be sure and give her full credit.

I have been asked several times if physicians considered chocolate bad for weak stomachs. By the way most of them recommend it for all kinds and descriptions of invalids, I should say they preferred it as a beverage for their patients to either coffee or tea. Typhoid convalescents at our hospitals are fed on Chocolat Menier and every physician of my acquaintance prescribes chocolate for patients suffering from nervous dyspepsia. Many take their Menier both for breakfast and luncheon, and find it, to use a neighbor's phrase, "very habilitating and delicious."

This recipe for Spanish Omelet, for which I have been asked, was obtained many years ago, from a famous New York restaurant. It was one of their noted dishes. One small onion, chopped fine, fried in butter, two tablespoonfuls thick cooked tomatoes, (canned will do), three eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, pepper and salt to taste. Mix well.

It should be well done, and browned.

ELEANOR KIRK.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

MUSINGS.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

New thoughts, new fancies rule the hour,
  New stars upon the heavens glow,
New creeds shoot up with plant and flower
  Spring after spring, my friend; and so
  Let all the old traditions go:—

The hopes we held, when rhythmic youth
  Pulsed like dream-music through our veins,
When pledged unto the cause of truth
  We did the right nor feared its pains,
  Though laurels then were only chains!

Love is not love these cycling moons,
  Tongues live on falsehood, thrive and grow;
The fairest lips breathe siren tunes
  To fool each trusting swain; and so
  Let all the old romances go:—

The gallant hearts that could bow down
  To beauty and to winsome grace,
Though 'twas the cross and not the crown
  They bore for many a pretty face—
  Go give such thoughts a resting place!

For 'tis not worldly, you may see,
  To feel when hearts are all of stone;
And tears that flow spontaneously
  Are miserably out of tone;
  Emotions are for fools alone!

But, lo! I see your hot face flame,
  Your bosom heaves, your bright eyes gleam,
You will not hold this creed of shame,
  You will not dream the cynic's dream
  To shrivel in its icy beam!

Well, youth is youth, and we're not old—
  So let us give our fancy wings
To flutter o'er a world of gold,
  And taste the pleasures that it brings—
  As happy as a pair of kings.

Yes, we shall live as boys once more,
  And, musing, kneel at Emmet's knee,
And vow the vows that Wolfe Tone swore,
  And pledge this land our fealty,
  Nor care what be the penalty.

And we will bid romances come
  To sun us in their purple blaze;
And voices, long since dead and dumb,
  Will echo from the buried days
  In love's accord and beauty's praise.

And once again for love and land
  We'll fight the fight in gallant show—
A small but yet a knightly band,
  Linked to the past. Good Heavens! No!
  The old traditions must not go!

In Memoriam.

At a regular meeting of Division No. 11, A.O.H., held April 7, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom to remove from our midst one of our highly esteemed members, Brother John Hoban; and

WHEREAS, The said brother by his honorable and esteemed qualities endeared himself to every member of our Division; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Brother John Hoban this Division has lost an earnest and devoted friend, the Order one of its ablest advocates, and his family a kind husband and loving father.

Resolved, That the sympathies of this Division be extended to his afflicted wife and children, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to his family, and entered on the records of our Division; also that they be published in THE CITIZEN.

M. E. LYNCH,
M. J. CORCORAN,
W. J. GRAHAM,
Committee on Resolutions.

Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets

via the Wisconsin Central to all principal points in the Northwest including St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, will be on sale April 22, May 20, Sept. 9 and 25, and Oct. 14, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, at the City Ticket Office of the Wisconsin Central, No. 205 Clark street, and at the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, also at all the leading hotels.

The Great American Chorus.

Sneezing, snuffing and coughing! This is the music all over the land just now. "I've got such an awful cold in my head." Cure it with Ely's Cream Balm or it may end in the toughest form of catarrh. Maybe you have catarrh now. Nothing is more nauseous and dreadful. This remedy masters it as no other ever did. Not a snuff nor a liquid. Pleasant, certain, radical.

FATHER C. P. MEEHAN.

A Charming Sketch of this Famous Irish Scholar and Historian.

BY MICHAEL MACDONOUGH.

PART I.

The few survivors of the glorious days of "Young Ireland" are one by one being removed to the land of shadows by death. Some months since John Savage and then Michael Joseph Barry dropped from our ranks. We had this month to add to the rosary of the departed great and good of our land the name of the Rev. C. P. Meehan. Of all that noble band, gifted with the divine attributes of genius, youth, enthusiasm, who put a soul into Erin nearly half a century ago, not six remain in our midst today.

The greatest giant of them all—barring Thomas Davis, perhaps—Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, the originator, the inspirer, the sustainer of the labors, literary and political, of the Young Ireland party is, thank heaven! with us still, enriching our literature with valuable historical contributions, and now engaged on what is destined to be one of the most valuable and most interesting biographies of the age—the life of Thomas Davis. We also have two of the brilliant triumvirate of poetesses—Speranza, Eva, and Mary—who are striking examples of the intellectuality of the women of Ireland. Lady Wilde, "Speranza," and Mrs. Kevin Izod O'Doherty, "Eva," have hushed their lyres to silence; but it is well known that they sympathize strongly with the national—literary and political—movements of the day in Ireland and watch those movements with the keenest interest,

They were a band of brethren, richly graced
  With all that most exalts the sons of men,
Youth, courage, honor, genius, wit well placed—
  When shall we see their parallels again?
The very flower and fruitage of their age,
  Destined for Duty's cross or Glory's page.

In that bright coterie of prophets, poets, historians, politicians, Father Meehan occupied a place of high honor and distinction. Mitchel, Meehan, and MacNevin were the historical writers, par excellence, of the band. As the historian of three different epochs in the history of Ireland—"Confederation of Kilkenny," "Fate and Fortunes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell," and "History of the Franciscan Monasteries"—Father Meehan's writings are most fruitful and valuable, and will keep his memory green for ages.

FATHER MEEHAN'S BIRTHPLACE.

Father Meehan was a Dublin man. The birthplace of our famous men and women ought to be to us objects of as much interest and even reverence as their graves. Father Meehan held strongly to this opinion. He considered that every house in Dublin and throughout the country in which one of our patriots, poets, or scholars was born should be marked by a marble tablet recording the fact, as the birthplace of Moore in Aungier street, and Balfe in Pitt street, Dublin, are happily distinguished. He tried himself to have the house No. 3 Fishamble street, in which Mangan came into this world, identified in this way; and unfortunately he tried in vain. Of all the litterateurs of Ireland Mangan was the one whom Father Meehan most honored, most loved, most cherished; and it cut his sensitive soul to the quick to find his efforts to do a little honor to the memory of a great poet and an affectionate friend so barren of effect. In one of his last letters to the writer of this article Father Meehan wrote: "Where is gratitude to be found? Here in this city we could not get as much money as would pay for a tablet to be set in the facade of the house in which Mangan was born! How many obtain that which they don't merit, and how few that to which they are entitled!"

Well, it has often and often been said that we are a fickle and ungrateful people, and that we have never appreciated as they deserved the great men and women of our land. The memories of our famous ones have certainly not got the honor they merit. But while regretting this neglect we must remember that indeed it is inevitable in the present condition of Ireland; for this fault, like many more in our nature, is to be traced to the wayward circumstances in which we are placed. It is not until the war is over that a country turns to honoring the memories of the heroes that labored and died for her cause. Let us hope that by and by, when our strife and struggle and battle of seven centuries are happily at an end, Ireland in her onward march to material prosperity will turn aside now and then, and, as on festival days in the church, pay reverence to the memories of her sons and daughters, who have been models, exemplars, inspirations to those who came after them, through the long and gloomy years of her woe and travail. But all this is by the way. On this subject of birth places I am glad to be able to give with accuracy the house in which Father Meehan was born. It is No 141 Great Britain street, Dublin, and the date of his nativity is July 12, 1812. His childhood days were, however, spent at Ballymahon, county of Longford, the home of his ancestors. Here he was instructed in the first rudiments of learning by a typical hedge schoolmaster named Peter McCabe, and, if you were fortunate in catching him in the humor, many a droll story Father Meehan would tell you about this worthy.

FATHER MEEHAN'S "MAGNUM OPUS."

Having evinced a very strong desire to become a priest, the boy in his 16th year was sent by his parents to the Irish College in Rome to prepare himself for his holy and arduous mission. One day as he was walking through the church of St. Isidore, the names of "O'Neill" and "O'Donnell" caught his eye in a rude Latin inscription on a stone set in the ground. The stones marked the graves of the great chieftains of the houses of Tyrone and Tyrconnell who fled from Ireland after the disastrous termination of the wars of Elizabeth and James I, in which they were the central figures. There and then a thought—a little seedling—was planted in the open, rich, and receptive mind of young Meehan, a thought which years afterwards blossomed into that noble historic work, "The Fate and Fortunes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell," which, as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy truly said, will perpetuate his memory when the hand that penned its tragic story shall have become dust. The incident has been chronicled in charming verse by J. K. Casey—"Leo"—and is well worth quoting here—

Amid the Roman city's crowd,
  Montorio's arches darkly loom,
And in their shade, with forehead bowed,
  An Irish boy knelt by a tomb.

He read the names above the clay;
  He asked: "What led their footsteps here,
From Irish hills, far, far away,
  To find an exile's lonely bier?"

"O, pilgrim, in this cold clay rest
  Two chiefs of distant Innisfail—
O'Donnell, of the peerless crest;
  And Ulster's prince, great Hugh O'Neill.

"They fled their land—then all is dim—
  Their after-fate none now may tell;
They faded from the earth's wide rim
  The day they bade their homes farewell."

Up rose the youth, with steady eye,
  And heart in resolution strong—
He prayed a prayer to God on high
  To save the just, and right the wrong.

. . . .

Leaf after leaf, as years passed on,
  He added to the record frail;
Leaf after leaf, till years were gone,
  With Time's swift wing to fill the sail.

Now—now the hope's fulfilled at last,
  The path is traced—the work is done—
The stars shine through the misty past—
  The fight 'gainst darkness fought and won!

Some idea of the difficulties with which Father Meehan had to contend in procuring material for this work may be formed from an extract or two I take from the preface. He says, referring to his visit when a youth to the Franciscan church in Rome—"When we questioned some who we presumed should be familiar with the subject, who were these banished princes?—what interests did they represent?—what caused them to flee their native land?—how did they escape from its shores?—under what pressure did they depart?—with what hopes of returning?—what were their acts and adventures abroad?—what consequences followed their exile and death?—they could tell us nothing more than the epitaphs recorded." It was suggested to the young student that some ancient hand-book of Rome might probably yield the desired information and explain how it came to pass that those illustrious Irishmen were buried so far from their native land. "The oldest work, however, of that class, Schotto's and Capugnano's 'Itinerarium Italiæ Regionum' (published 1610) was silent on the subject of our solicitude; but," adds Father Meehan in a burst of excusable raillery, "it told us that the Janiculum was called Mons Aureus, of Montorio, because of the golden color of its sand; that the Convent church held, among others, the uninscribed tomb of Julius III, and that the Spanish ambassador at the Roman court had recently—in 1605—built a terrace on the brow of the hill; that the pilgrim standing there might behold many a feature of the same scene which so charmed his Excellency's countryman, Martial, what time Nero swayed the destinies of the universe." Further on he says, "More than the span allotted to a generation has passed since the day of awakening research, and seldom in the interval has the writer ceased seeking for answers to his first inquiries through every channel he could possibly reach; often under sad discouragement of many sorts, often with inadequate resources, but always with a strong desire to unearth a secret kept over two centuries, and to make known the truth." The fruit of all his toil and investigation has been a monumental work, indeed, treating in an interesting and attractive manner of one of the most momentous periods in our history. The second edition of the work, published in 1870 by James Duffy, Wellington quay (it is inscribed to the late Lord O'Hagan) is embellished with colored litho portraits of Hugh O'Neill, the hero of the book; O'Sullivan, Earl of Bear and Bantry; Peter Lombard, archbishop of Armagh; and Florence Conroy, archbishop of Tuam. They were all authenticated by Father Meehan, in his usual pains-taking fashion, and on that account are very valuable prints. If Father Meehan wrote nothing else this work would obtain for him an honored place among the historians of Ireland, and, as J. K. Casey says in the poem referred to above—

As long as Celtic bosoms give
  Their love to widowed Innisfail,
That noble spirit's name shall live,
  Linked with O'Donnell and O'Neill!

—*Dublin Nation.*

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all other Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all other Nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5.00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 257,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

ROMAN ECHOES.

News from the Vatican—Audiences and Ceremonies—A Priest Murdered at Leghorn.

The Roman Municipality and the Italian Government—Holy Week in Rome.

[*From the Dublin Nation.*]

THE VATICAN.

ROME, March 29.—The young Kaiser's letter to the Pope, published in the official *Reichsanzeiger*, asking his beneficent intervention in the conference at Berlin, is a wonderful testimony to the important role Leo XIII occupies in the councils of Europe. It is a strange thing that very likely the last public document to which Bismarck affixed his name—that name that worked so much evil for the church—was to this letter of the emperor, which is countersigned by Bismarck. It is a strange finale to all his threats, and it should serve as a salutary lesson for all statesmen for the time to come who are inclined on persecuting the church. It is they who come to smash, not the church, which has encountered and passed over many Bismarcks in its path through nineteen centuries. The Pope, in his reply, acknowledges in gracious terms the invitation of the emperor, recalls to his mind the salutary lessons ever inculcated on the subject by the Catholic religion, and promises his support in a question of such vital importance and so dear to his heart. But, of course, you will have the text. The Liberal papers are greatly put out by this acknowledgment of the Pope's influence.

AUDIENCES AND CEREMONIES.

The ambassador of Portugal was received in private audience during the week, as were also the bishops of Nice and of Bovino. Many visitors from various parts of the world were admitted to a common audience on Thursday. It is extraordinary how anxious Protestants, especially American Protestants, are to see the Pope, and this not through a mere spirit of curiosity, but through genuine respect. On Thursday, also, there was a meeting at the Vatican of the Congregation of Rites to discuss various causes, among others that of the servant of God, Mary Margaret, the first superioress of the Sisters of Charity of Montreal. There were present at this meeting the cardinals, the right reverend prelates, and the officials belonging to the congregation.

A TERRIBLE DEED AT LEGHORN.

It causes me doubt whether I should mention what happened the other day at Leghorn. I should spare your good readers the pain of reading an account of a murder which will cause them to shudder, and ask one another what Italy is coming to. A young priest, who said his first mass only a few months ago, being only 23 years of age, was returning to the seminary, where he occupied the position of vice rector, when he heard himself pursued by some person, and turning round to see who it was, was mortally stabbed by his pursuer, whom he had never seen before. There was no provocation, no personal spite that could explain the murderous assault, but the whole explanation is had in the prevailing hatred created and fostered by the secret societies against religion and everything connected with religion, especially the priest. The young priest who was the object of this villain's assault, belongs to a most respectable Catholic family in Leghorn, and it is, perhaps, a redeeming feature that the cowardly and sanguinary deed has excited the greatest indignation among all classes in the city. But the miscreant has not been arrested, and it is only too likely never will.

WHERE A PRIEST IS CONCERNED,

the authorities are not by any means over active or zealous. Indeed justice is dispensed here in general with a very questionable hand. In a trial that was concluded the other day at Corenza in the case of a person who made an attempt on the life of the archbishop of that city, the judge awarded the paltry, the scandalously small punishment of a month in jail. And on the other hand, there is brought forward every plea to insure the condemnation and severe punishment of Caporali, the fellow who, in order to attract attention to himself, threw a stone at Crispi last year as he was passing through the streets of Naples. In the one case there was question of Francis Crispi. Caporali was a student in the Lyceum at Naples, and I suppose he imbibed some of the good principles taught there, as in most of the places of public instruction in Italy. Professor Nocito, who occupies the chair of "History of Religions" at the Roman University, gives to the young students the following healthy statements; "Apostacy is the affirmation of the right one has to follow truth, leaving a profession of faith which he does not believe to be true." "Blasphemy is not a crime, but at the most a want of politeness." These expressions are taken from his lecture delivered on Thursday last.

SOCIETY FOR BIBLICAL STUDIES.

This useful and learned society is giving the best results in its pursuit of matter connected with the sacred text. Mgr. O'Callaghan, late bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, read a learned paper on the pretended discovery of a Greek copy of the Bible in the Arabic library at Damascus. Another erudite member of the society, Father Vannutelli, read an extremely interesting paper on the Holy Land, giving some important details on the topography and history of the sacred places.

THE ROMAN MUNICIPALITY AND THE GOVERNMENT

At last things have come to a crisis and the municipal body have resigned en masse. Some attribute this to the late proposals of the goverement, others to sheer inability to get on. At any rate the Syndic and all the councillors have sent in their resignations, and it is very likely a commission will be appointed to tide over the difficulty which arises from the disastrous state of the finances in the great capital of united Italy. It is a strange coincidence that with the disappearance of Bismarck from the scenes there appears here in political life a "cave" against Crispi. His high-handed way of conducting affairs and treating not only his subordinates but his colleagues, had already turned many against him, who were only waiting an opportunity to show their resentment. There is talk just now in political circles here of a powerful coalition against the government, and many look upon the disappearance of the great Italian statesman as soon to follow that of his friend and patron, Bismarck. With the astuteness, however, of an Italian, Crispi may learn a lesson in time from the latter's downfall.

HOLY WEEK.

Holy week in Rome! How much that meant when the church was able to carry out the sacred ceremonies in their solemn fulness in the only city of the world where she possessed undivided say. Yes, Holy Week in Rome has ever been an inexhaustible subject for historical and descriptive writing, not to refer to higher literature, in all languages. But the sacred music is the only attraction now, as the ceremonies that charmed the visitors from all parts of the world have been completely shorn of their grandeur. The music, indeed, in itself would repay a visit from afar, as it is something exquisite, especially, I should say, in the church of St. John Lateran. No person can remain unmoved who listens to the prayer of Jeremias, which occurs in the Office in Good Friday, sung by the celebrated "Angel" of the Lateran choir, Signor Moreschi. I remember, when standing last year against a pillar in the majestic nave of this grand old basilica, during the service on Good Friday evening, and during this particular part of the devotions—the singing of the prayer of Jeremias—I heard a mournful voice say, behind me: "Why did we do away with all this?" and, turning round, I saw the deep collar of a Protestant parson. But it is not only on Protestants, but on people who profess no religion, many of whom are to be found among the visitors to Rome, that the solemnities of Holy Week make an impression.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Congregation of the Index has proscribed the reading of three works lately published, only one of which I need mention, "The New Rosmini."

The Marquis of Hartington has arrived in Rome. He is staying with Lord Dufferin at the English embassy, and is in anything but good health.

The archbishopric of the new hierarchy established in Japan will have its seat at Tokio, the capital of the empire.

The propaganda is going to establish a new mission in Central Africa, and would like to secure Irish missioners for it.

Sir George Errington is in Rome. Though the English envoy duly accredised here is going away, need I say that he is here only in a private capacity.

The weather here at present is charming, and everything is looking bright.

Today (Passion Sunday) the Holy Father received two magnificent palms, one from Count Bresca of San Remo, to whose family belongs the ancient privilege of presenting a palm to the reigning Pope; the other fro Mgr. Accoramboni, in the name of the Benedictine Convent of St. Anthony, to the nuns of which belong, by special right, the decoration of the palms.

A new society, under Mgr. Tripepi, has been formed in Rome for prosecuting the study of the lives of the Popes.

The coming consistory may see published the names of four new cardinals, Archbishop Satolli and Mgr. Boccali, with two of the nuncios now at the courts of Europe.

The Italian pilgrimage of which I wrote to you some time ago is coming to Rome shortly.

DONE WITH THE ARGUMENT.

[*To the Editor.*]

NEW YORK, April 11.—In the last issue of your worthy paper I saw a call for umpires in a letter signed by Mr. T. O. Russell. I must say that it made me laugh. I am not like one of the two Arabian travelers who argued on the color of the chameleon and preferred another's eyesight to their own. If Mr. Russell has no confidence in his own knowledge of Irish grammar he is to be pitied more than blamed; and I would advise him to take a few lessons from the gentlemen he names as umpires. They will, I am sure, tell him privately what he needs, and it will do him good. It is time that THE CITIZEN should be sick of this subject. Mr. Russell pretends to take great interest in the Irish language; so do I, and therefore I desire to stick closely to its grammar rules. Mr. Russell may enjoy his obtuse ideas. This is a free country. Like the false mother who, on the saying of a judge or referee, would allow what she claimed to be her child, to be cut in two and divided, Mr Russell may have all the judgment and reference to himself. I will content myself with the teaching of Joyce, O'Donovan and the other old boys of that stripe. Mr Russell appears, after all, to be easily satisfied with the judgment of others, but he would not be, even if those gentlemen he names were foolish enough to take notice of him and tell him he was wrong. He would say they were ignorant.

You and the readers of your worthy paper will please take notice that I am done with this argument. With due respect for Mr. Russell, and with hopes that his shadow will never grow shorter, I remain, yours very truly,

THOMAS D. NORRIS.

"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FAIRIES OF ORCHARD HOUSE.

"The estates," said Rupert, hearing the word mentioned, and wholly ignorant of the nature and intent of the conversation that was being carried on at his expense, but knowing readily enough it was pleasant raillery of some sort. "The estates What estates?"

His thoughts went back to Devonshire, and of a sudden his heart jumped up to his mouth. Could some misfortune have happened his father, of which the knowledge, known to all others, had been kept from him? This notion seized him intently for a second; and in a strain of alarm that evoked mirth, light and pleasant as the streaming sunshine, from the two girls, asked again:

"The estates. What estates?"

"Why, becoorse," said Joe breaking in on the silvery merriment of the girls "Marmaduke can't live long; so he can't. He's dying as it is, or as good as dying. And who's to fall in for the estates then?"

"Then. When?" asked Rupert, but little informed by this singular explanation.

"Why, becoorse, when the son dies there'll be no one for him but Miss Lucy. Sir Herdinge can't live always himself either."

"Oh, I see!" said Rupert, as the light broke in upon him with some embarrassment. "That's it—is it?"

"Yes," said Joe, who quietly enjoyed his confusion, "it wasn't for nothing the horses ran away."

"Upon my word," said Rupert seriously "there's not the slightest ground for all this. None."

As far as he could judge of his own mind at that present moment there was not; but he had forgotten the very different ideas that filled his mind an hour before. In presence of the surpassing loveliness of the girl beside him, the warm thoughts of the earlier hours seemed but the merest passing fancies.

"No, of course not," said Joe; "but for all that, remember it was I that introduced you to the estates and to the heiress; and will certainly expect you to give Miss Norah Moore —— Did I tell you this young lady was Norah Moore?"

"No," said Rupert rather uncomfortably at this strange form of introduction. "No."

"Norah Moore, that I told you about on the coach, that lived in Carrigbrae. You remember; yes, you do!"

"Yes, I remember," said Rupert, who had a perfectly clear recollection of whom she was as soon as her name was brought before him; and who devoutly wished that his roundabout form of introduction was ended and over.

"Well, that is Norah Moore — Miss Norah Moore—beside you! I believe the reason they turned her out of the country was, because if she stopped much longer in it she'd set them all frantic mad."

"Oh, Joe!" said Norah with a slight scream.

"I am glad to be introduced to you, Miss Moore," said Rupert, lifting his hat, "though Joe's introduction comes a little late. I had introduced myself earlier Joe."

"And there's another lady," said Joe, nodding his head toward Maury. "There's another lady that's going to play the same pranks. She's going to set the country afire, too! she is."

"Hold your tongue, you old cripple!" said Maury, in mock anger as she gave him a soft box on the head, and snatched up his book of fishing tackle from the seat beside him.

"Oh, don't, Miss Maury. Don't!" cried out Joe. "Don't! I'll want that for fishing in the stream by-and by. Give it back to me."

"Certainly, Joe! you must get it back," said Norah, and a friendly struggle ensued, the result of which was that the pocket book was taken from Maury's yielding hands and re transferred to the ownership of Joe again.

As soon as he had finished his work, tied on the flies, and fixed the rod, he and his companion after some further conversation went down through the meadow lands that led from the house to the river, to fish. A goodly little stream it was for trout; for leading to the Shannon, and unhindered and unimpeded by mill race or obstacle, the fish had plenty of means of coming up, and abiding in its occasionally deep pools, which they did. And many a time before, Billy's skilful line had raised the quivering trout from out its dark waters, and left them jumping on the grass of the meadow banks.

It was an afternoon of quiet enjoyment and delight, as they wandered or stood along the banks of the stream, as occasion or the exigencies of the fishing might need; Joe plying the rod, and letting the line fall softly on the surface of the stream with dexterous cast, while Rupert, smoking quietly and dreamily, watched the result of his efforts.

These were attended by no inconsiderable success, and after the lapse of a couple of hours, the basket which Joe carried on his arm was pretty well filled with fish, whose scales sparkled with tints of silver and gold.

"Joe," said Rupert, when the basket was nigh filled

"Yes," said Joe, throwing deftly his line over a quiet pool, where he conjectured a trout might be hiding

"I'm getting tired. I think we ought to rest"

"So am I," said Joe; "I am getting very tired too."

"Well, suppose we rest here?"

"Yes I think we have gone far enough. I promised Miss Norah to get back early for tea; you're to come with me."

"Am I? I wasn't asked"

"Well, I ask you—that is, if you have no objection. And if you have an objection to that, maybe you'd have no objection to this," producing a flask from his pocket.

"I have not any objection to either Joe—none. Quite the contrary. Here's your health."

"Good health," said Joe. "If you want to mix water with it you have not far to go; there's the stream at your feet, good as ever bubbled out of a rock. And now I'll take a smoke. Norah will expect us back"

"About Norah," said Rupert.

"Yes," said Joe.

"Wasn't that the girl you told me about who lived in the ruined house, that day on the coach?"

"The same," said Joe.

"She is a handsome girl; a very handsome girl"

"I told you so that day, if you remember, when we were on the coach?"

"Yes, but I couldn't conceive from your words anything so striking. I thought you said she went to France."

"So she did"

"And came back?"

"Yes. And came back. Came back to see her mother's grave. Her mother died while she was away"

"Is she long back?"

"Only a few days. And it's more or less a secret still. Because if it was known she was stopping at any house—at Maury's now for instance—Maury would soon be on the shaughraun as well as herself."

"You mean she would be dispossessed."

"I do."

"It's an odd country when such a girl," said Rupert, "can be hunted from house to house like that, and denied shelter. In any other country her name would be something historical—her fame would be wide as the country its lf"

"That's how it is here," said Joe, throwing his eye over the pool he had lately "whipped," a large trout rising having attracted his attention. "That's how it is here, how; that's how it was before; and that's how it will be forever, I think. Sorra happorth ever I see likely to stop it."

"And her brother—what's this you told me about her brother?" asked Rupert.

"He was transported"

"Oh, I remember, yes. What sort was he?"

"About a year older. And what sort? About as tall as you are. Stronger made, I think; and that would think as little of crossing that stream in a flying leap, as I would in jumping across the trout basket"

"And he was transported?"

"Yes, for nothing, too."

"It's a curious law, and a curious world."

"Aye, and they were within an aim's ace of hanging him. The old Judge, with one leg in the grave, and the other on the brink of it, would as soon put on the black cap and hang him as transport him. And he would only for an accident."

"An accident!"

"Well, you may call it an accident. You see he was after transporting five or six young fellows for being out after ten o'clock at night."

"After ten o'clock at night," said Rupert, glancing at his companion to see if he were in earnest. "Surely you can't mean that! There has been no such law as that in England for the last eight hundred years!"

"Well, it's here, whether it is in England or not. And so being an old stupid stupid man, when he came to Kevin, he forgot that he was found guilty of a different thing, and so sentenced him to transportation, or otherwise he might, and most likely would, have hung him."

"And he was transported?"

"Faix, I suppose he's at the other side of the world, in Botany Bay, by this. It takes about six months to go there. It would be as well for him they hung him, for sorra bit of his name or face will ever be seen or heard of in Ireland or Westmeath again. He might as well be sent to work in the mines of Siberia."

"It's a great affliction on such a young girl. Pity such trouble should come on the head of one so surprisingly handsome"

"Pity it should come on any one," said Joe carelessly. "I'd catch that trout, but I'm afraid we'd be late back. I think we'd better be moving"

"All right. I'm at your service at any moment"

Rupert was at his service at any moment for the return journey. It would seem to him like traveling a portion of the road to Paradise, to be going towards the Orchard Farmhouse Whatever dreams or ideas of Lucy Hardinge had been in his head setting out in the morning had all been long since banished out of it.

This Rupert remembered as he traveled homewards at the side of his companion over the soft grass, and smiled a self-deprecating smile as he felt how transient the impression was.

And by the time the afternoon had been spent at the farmhouse; by the time they had all wandered down the meadows to the whimpling stream, and back again into the orchard; and by the time the girls had parted him at the orchard gate, after his promising to come and see Joe tomorrow again, Rupert was as hopelessly in love as ever mortal was after such a short acquaintance.

It was surprising to himself, even, to find how swiftly his thoughts had changed in respect to his further stay at the castle. While in the morning he was blessing his stars that Colonel Montfort had delayed so long away, and so gave him further duration to stay thereat, now his chief anxiety was to get away as speedily as might be. There was something exceedingly irksome in the idea of going back there at all. The courteous civilities and kindnesses shown him grated on his feelings, and the walks and conversations with Miss Hardinge seemed dull and monotonous in the highest degree.

And it now occurred to him for the first time that it was strange, and very wrong, that he should continue remaining in the house, and partaking of the hospitalities of one at whose hands his uncle had met his death—and, if these hints and insinuations were true, by means in which foul play had something to do. It did not occur to him to question himself why these thoughts had not before cropped up in his mind. It only remained for him, now that they did, to assent to their force. It was all very well, while he was incapable of being removed, to so remain; but it was, he felt, and ought to be, out of the question longer. He therefore mentally resolved that to-morrow, after coming back from Orchard Cottage, he should take his farewell, and leave for the barracks in Athlone.

The only objection that arose to that intention was the hindrance it would be to his visits to the Orchard, to which he had begun to look forward with great delight. But, on the other hand, he thought he might have better opportunities at the barracks. The state of his health would warrant him in being off duty for some time, and would further furnish him with a sufficient excuse for riding out daily, and whither could he have so delightful a ride?

These things being settled in his mind to his satisfaction, he walked more briskly homewards.

The exercise being more than he was of late accustomed to, he felt tired, and taking shelter from the hot sun of the evening, he stretched himself for a refreshing smoke under the shade of a clump of furze that grew by the stream

He was resting himself in a dreamy, sensuous way watching the smoke slowly curl up reflecting in the water, and thinking of the bright eyes and beautiful face he had seen that day; and conjuring up its beauty in the blue skies above him flecked with red and white clouds, and in the dancing surface of the stream.

"I say I will! I say I will! and no man shall stop me!"

These words, uttered in a voice of suppressed passion, fell on his ear. There was every indication in the hissing and hoarse undertone in which the words were said that the purpose and intention of the threat was a malignant one.

Rupert, withdrawing his cigar from his mouth, listened. There was no word spoken for some time; but then a girl's voice, apparently remonstrating, fell on his ear.

"Why did he say he wouldn't give it to you?"

"He's giving the whole townland to Donald McVey, the grazier, and breaking his word with me. He promised me that farm, and it'll be worse for him if he doesn't keep his word. 'Twas I that got the ground cleared for him. I swore against Kevin Moore and transported him, when they were afraid of his being left in the country. 'Twas I made up the story about the secret meeting"

"And why didn't you tell him all this?"

"And didn't I tell him?"

"What did he say?"

"He said I did it for my own benefit, that he couldn't give the farm, and that I'd be transported for false swearing if I said a word about it. Aye, and told me if I didn't like to wait his convenience, I might go back to Scotland."

"Go back to Scotland?"

"Aye, nice treatment, to send me back, and such a fine farm all as good as in my hands. I was certain sure this many a day it was mine Didn't I work for it, and didn't he promise it to me?"

"You ought to see him again. He won't refuse."

"If he does he'll be sorry for it. I'll see him again to-night. I'll have it out with him. I'll tell him something will surprise him, and if it goes to that, I'll leave him that he'll not have a spot in Grange more to sleep in. Let him hang as many of his tenants as he likes for it. I will! I will!" he said fiercely, in wrathful asseveration, as his companion remonstrated with him in low tones. "I will! May the —— fly away with me if I don't!"

The voices ceased as the parties withdrew further on, and Rupert, attracted and interested by the mysterious threats, rose to pursue his way and to look after them.

The speakers were a man and a woman, the former of whom he had often seen around the castle grounds. Without taking any particular notice of him at the time, he still recognized him by his dress and by his walk. The latter, in a great degree, resembled that of Marmaduke, and it was that circumstance particularly that attracted his attention at first. It occurred to him at the time as being the most successful attempt, sometimes made by flunkeys, of modeling themselves on and imitating their superiors in gait and manner, he had ever seen.

But the threats and their utterer alike died out of his head before he got home. He was too much occupied in thinking how best to avoid, without being ill bred, coming in contact with the family for the evening. He could not overcome the irksome sense that fastened itself on him when he thought of meeting them. He was too indolent to try to find out what hidden spring has so recently given prominence to this feeling. He was content to know that it was so, and energetic enough only to gratify the feeling.

Accordingly finding, luckily, no one in the drawing-room when he entered, he left word with the butler that he was indisposed, had a severe headache, was exhausted after his walk, and would retire to his bedroom for the evening. Which latter he did.

The evening was hot, and he felt really tired, the walk being far in excess of any he had taken since his illness. Wherefore he threw open both sashes of the window, that looked down on the garden, for air, took up a book to read, and, throwing himself with his coat off on the bed was soon asleep.

He was awoke from his sleep, after some time, by the noise of voices in the garden in altercation underneath

"I tell you I can't. I told you so before."

The words were in Sir Hardinge's voice and were angry, stormy.

"But you promised it to me before," said the voice in tones which seemed to be one asking for a favor of a very decided character.

"Well, I've altered my mind. I must suit my words to my circumstances."

"Do you mean to say you've given it away?"

"Yes. But I shall not be catechised by you as to what I do or do not with my tenants"

"You did not say that when you encouraged me to swear against young Moore"

"See!" said Sir Hardinge with a sensible lowering of his voice, "you put that first into my head. You told me stories of his threats towards me which I afterwards judged to be untrue. You did all for your own purpose and your own ends. It can't be undone now. Not even though you told your own perjury and got yourself transported. But I am not bound by your work, and shall not be. I shall do as I think best with my land. You have no claim on me or it. The present tenants make such claims, and no one advised me against them stronger than you"

"Haven't I a claim?" said the other in a voice in which rage, hate, and despair seemed to be equally mixed. "Haven't I a claim?"

"You a claim!" said Sir Hardinge. "If you don't get out of my presence without saying another word, I'll lay the weight of my horse whip on your shoulder."

"Will you? I dare you! A claim! Aye have I a claim"

"Let us hear it. Just for one second, before I let loose your Scotch blood and your Scotch impudence. I've too long permitted so many of you to be around me."

"Do! I've as good a right to be here as your own. Remember that! How? I'll tell you. You brought it on yourself. Remember that, too!"

"Go on!" said Sir Hardinge. "What claim?"

"A good claim! Because Lady Hardinge is as near a relation of mine as she is of——"

The announcement was not received in the manner it was expected it would.

For there fell on Rupert's ears the next moment the swish as of some weapon flying through the air, and as Sir Hardinge's voice broke forth in angry tones:—

"Liar, dog! Is this the reward of my kindness? Are loathsome hounds like you the creatures I have brought around me?"

There came also the thud, repeated several times, of blows falling in rapid succession on a soft surface.

Jumping from his place of repose, Rupert looked out and saw the steward reeling under the blows of the whip handle that, delivered with vigorous and powerful effort, and as fast as it was possible for a strong and active man to deliver them, were rained upon his face and head and temple. He reeled unsteadily for a second or two, but a final cut from the whip of Sir Hardinge across his temples tumbled him, and he lay on the ground his face marked with blows, and covered with blood.

If it had held any longer Rupert might have been tempted to interfere in the unequal struggle, but as the steward fell Sir Hardinge flung the whip at the senseless form, and, exclaiming;—"There you ruffian! take that instead of land!" walked away.

"He deserves it all, and more," thought Rupert, as he lay back again softly on the bed, and so as not to be seen at the window. "He deserves thrice as much. He's a most prodigious ruffian. Though it was certainly hardly right or manly of Sir Hardinge to send a young fellow to penal servitude without cause, and brand him with the disgrace of a convict's badge. It's a droll country, and—curiously governed"

He lay back thinking.

"That bears out what Joe said. 'For nothing,' these were his words. I don't think I ought to suffer this gross wrong to continue. I have got—in an uncomfortable way to be sure—the material now—if they would only say in public what they say in private—to redress it Is it my business, though? And Norah! so sweet, so handsome, so gentle, so graceful! more like an angel than a girl!

"Very curious how all this has come round! I must try and get away out of this with as little delay as possible. Other unpleasantnesses may creep up if I don't. Here goes!—to see Norah again tomorrow anyhow! If I could only tell her the secret I have, I could make her bright eyes brighter, and her pleasant smile pleasanter still. London society! pooh!" said he aloud after some additional thinking, rising up to get a cigar. "Pooh, where have they ever in their saloons or drawing rooms anything like her! By heavens! she is fit to be queen where all are beautiful. There!"

He was apparently reasoning with some imaginary remonstrant, and threw off this bold statement defiantly.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

New England Magazine.

The articles which will attract most attention in the April number of the *New England Magazine* are those on Amelia B Edwards and "Egypt at Home," the former by Mrs Sallie Joy White, the latter by Dr. W. C. Winslow, our foremost American Egyptologist. Dr. Winslow's article is a history and description of the Egyptian collection in the Boston Art Museum, the most important Egyptian collection by far in this country, and is richly illustrated. It is peculiarly opportune, coming just when Miss Edwards has stirred up so much interest in Egyptian studies, and just as the Boston Museum, after its great enlargement and enrichment, is reopened. Mrs White's delightful paper is accompanied by a full page portrait of Miss Edwards from a recent photograph by Sarony, much the finest portrait which has yet been published, and also by interesting *fac similes* from Miss Edwards' letters. The opening article in the magazine is on Gladstone, by Mr. William Clarke, of London, whose previous political articles have attracted attention, and who here has something strong and really fresh to say about Gladstone. The frontispiece of the number is one of the most striking portraits of the "Grand Old Man" which has ever appeared, from a late London photograph; and Mr. Clarke's article is also accompanied by pictures of Mr. Gladstone and his wife, and Mr Gladstone and his grandchild, both from recent photographs and exceedingly interesting This number is full of interesting illustrations. There is a richly illustrated article on the Astor Library, by Mr. Saunders, the librarian; an illustrated article on the United States Life Saving Service; an article on Spenker Reed, with a good portrait; and another, by Mrs. Emily Talbot, on the Old West Church, with a portrait of Dr. Bartol and many other pictures which will be of interest to a great many besides Bostonians. Rev Joseph H. Crooker, in a long article on Jonathan Edwards that is likely to stir up some controversy, does not fall in with the prevailing panegyrics upon Edwards, but thinks his influence has been overrated, and indulges in some very sharp criticism. Miss Elaine Goodale is sharp in her "Plain Words on the Indian Question." Her sister, Dora Read Goodale, contributes a pathetic and very beautiful little story, entitled "Beyond the Bridge." Prof. Hosmer's "Haunted Ball" comes to an end. Mr. Hale is as bright as ever in his "Tarry at Home Travel"; and the Editors' Table is devoted largely to literary matters, which are being made an important a feature of the *New England Magazine*.

A TIPPERARY POET AND NOVELIST.

The J. F. Meagher Testimonial Fund.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN — Many Irishmen at home and abroad will gladly learn that it is proposed to present a testimonial to John Francis Meagher ("Slievenamon.") On the 2nd February, 1866 Mr Meagher was, on the information of the infamous spy, Talbot, arrested in his native town of Carrick on Suir for his connection with the Fenian organization. With him were arrested his father, then in his seventy-fifth year; his brother William who died in Mountjoy Prison after two years' solitary confinement; Sergeant McCarthy and others. Mr. Meagher was subjected to prison tortures in Clonmel, Kilmainham and Mountjoy. He was released in 67, after his health had been shattered by imprisonment, only to find his circle broken up.

Since then Mr Meagher has been a well known contributor to Irish journals. He was employed for some time in the *Irishman* Office; and from 1869 to 1880 was a regular contributor to the *Irishman* and *Shamrock* From 85 to 87 many contributions of his appeared in *Young Ireland* and in the *Irish Fireside*, now the *Glasgow Observer*, under the general title, "Legends of Southern Ireland." Few have done more than Mr. Meagher has to rescue from oblivion the legends that still survive amongst the peasantry of Waterford and his native Tipperary. He is now unfortunately in very poor health and is in embarrassed circumstances.

His friends have therefore resolved to organize a testimonial to mark their sense of his lifelong patriotism, and their appreciation of his sufferings for the "good old cause" Our purpose in appealing is to bring the testimonial under the notice of Mr. Meagher's many friends and admirers (and they are legion) who live far away from his native town. We hope that all who admire the part Mr. Meagher has borne in the Irish struggle, as well as all those who have derived pleasure and profit from his writings, will contribute generously to the testimonial which it is proposed to present him with.

Committee.—Rev W P Hickey, Glasgow; P J Maher, Maurice Power, Wm Prendergast, Clonmel; Thos F Walsh, M C Dowdall, James O Carroll, Patrick Burke, Carrick on Suir; Wm P O Keeffe, Greystone street, Carrick on Suir, Hon. Treasurer, James J Hearn, Ashpark, Carrick-on-Suir, honorable secretary.

Droch Raina air chruch Gaedhilig.

Do cumadh na féarsaidhe ramáiseacha lean as air léigheadh litre tá-ndai go charaid a tá mar meist, 'na fhóghlu mthoir na teangain sin. Measaim nach m-bideann aon litir sgríobtha le fear againn, sgríobtha go ceart; acht deunann sinn ár n-dithchioll a g-comhnuidhe. Tá graimeura agus foclóiridhe againn, agus ní'l sinn ró lei-geamhail le cuartughadh lounta cionnos is cóir focal do litruighadh sul chuireamaoid sí 's é. Acht a n-aimdheoin ár n-uile ar dtrais, deunann sinn n-óráu dearmud, ó r is déighionach a thosuigh sinn ar t-anga do sgríobhadh. Má dheunann sinn dearmuid in ár sgríbhinn, ní é rigteann siad ó neamhchuram acht ó aineolas; agus cá m-beith fhi sagam gur éirigh na h-earrádacha lus na h-irisleabhraibh dá labhraim, ó aineolas amháin, ní dtí é orfaínn aon fhocal a n-aghaidh na bh-fear eagarthas iad. Acht chitear liom go measann na fir so go bh-fuil nidh air bith maith go leor do'n Ghaedhilig,—gur cuma cionnus sgríobhthar í. Ní'l irisleabhar clóbhbhuailtear air son na Gaedhilge nach bh-feictear go riaghalta, an ceann cuirthear amach in Ath-Cliath agus an dá cheann cuirthear amach ins an tír so. Thug mé faoi ndeara go bh-fuil gach aon acu lán measa ní í bhtha anois ná bhí siad an chéud uair do clóbhbhualadh iad. Ní lim féin acfuinneach chum baramhla chóirte thabhairt orra; acht do réir baramhla nó án carad a thuigeas an Ghaedhilig níos fearr ionná thuigim féin í, 'sí an fhírinn atá mé 'rádh. Do bhain litir Ghaedhilge mo chara páirc mi ór ssam mar gheall air na h-earrádachaibh do bhí innti, agus measaim gur bhain mo litreacha féin páirc as mo charaid mar an g-céadna; acht ní chuireamaoid irisleabhair Gaedhilge a n-eagar, agus tá sinn toileamhail le fóghluim.

CNOC SIDHE GAMHNA.

A chara, a chara, go deimhin is fíor
Go rugais lán-buaidh air dhaoinibh ár d-tír'
Ag sgríobhadh cam-Ghaedhilge neamh-choitcheann acht bíun,
'S go mairidh tú fada mar sgoláire linn!

Na h-abramaois focla m-gaedh tí sa nó
Um Gaedhilig ár n-dá Irisleabhar go deo,
Oir buailtear iad leatsa, a chara mo chroidhe,
Acht ní thaitbeánann sin go bh-fuil tusa ad' dhaoi.

Oir is mian leat fóghluim, 's is mian leat ciall.—
Ní bladaire meis-t,—air do bheatha na saoil
Nach bh-fuil cómhas níos fearr do dhuine ded' cíéll.
'Ná don dá fhear a mhilleas sean teanga na nGaedheal.

Má dheunair aon dearmud,—má dheunann tú sió.
Tá fir aig an domhan nach le amadán nó ór
A deuntar na dearmuid a thuiteas óá pheann,
'S gur í chlun 's nach praiseach atá in do cheann.

Acht cad tig linn a rádh timcheall daoineadh ler báil
Sean teanga ár n-dúthaigh do chur a n-ór-cháil
A sgríobhas a sgríobhan nár sg ríobhadh fad ó,
'S a sgríobhan nach sgríobhthar le duine go deo!

Ní mian leosan fóghluim ó úghdar air bith,
Ní mheasaid air aon chor go bh-fuil orra dith
Tuille fasa no eolais air theangain a d-tír',
'S gur leosan amháin atá an t-eolas is fíor.

Ní ceasda na fir so, dar liom, in a ngrádh,
Air an teangain is áil leo do bhreith as an sáth
Ann a bh-fuil sí le bliadhnaibh faoi dhearmud a's ceo,
Chum soluis na gréine 'gus an mheasta is mó.

Dá m-beith grádh ag na fir seo air theangain do sgríobh
Ins an am thart go deo, ár n-ór laochraidhe a's naoimh,
Dheunfadaois iarraidh a's obair go leor
Da sgríobhadh 'san nodh atá ceart agus cóir.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m., mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m. high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m., services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 185 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m. high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2824 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. J. I. Coghlan, S. J., pastor. Residence 413 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 6:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m., high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J Dowling, pastor. Residence 2928 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 25th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m, high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor Residence 2549 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assissium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m. high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 226 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m, vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. S M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 235 N. Sangamon st.

St Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m., vespers at 3 p m Rev. Kilian Schloesser, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m, children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 884 Ashland av

St Antnony of Padua—Corner of McGregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 425 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 324 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m, high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m, high mass at 10 a m., vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Batha, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m., high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 333 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m., high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 381 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's — Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts Mass at 8 a m., high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m., high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dotwick, O.S.B., pastor Residence 339 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m, high mass at 10:30 a m, vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, O. S., pastor Residence 1405 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—354 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m.; high mass at 11 a m, Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D A. Tighe, pastor

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m., high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m., high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m Rev. K. Kozlowski, pastor. Residence 223 Southport av.

St. Adalbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev J. Radziejewski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

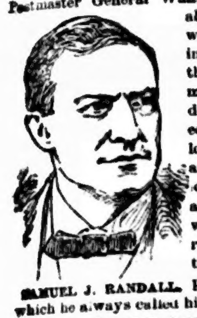
SUMMONED BY DEATH.

The Long Illness of Congressman Randall Ended.

TOUCHING SCENE AT THE BEDSIDE.

The Last Word He Spoke on Earth Was Addressed to His Devoted Wife—Postmaster General Wanamaker Present When the End Came—A Sketch of His Career on the Battlefield and in the Halls of Congress.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 14.—It was a sad and touching scene at the Randall residence on Capitol hill when Congressman Samuel J. Randall expired Sunday morning just as the bells of a neighboring church were tolling 5 o'clock. Around the bedside were gathered the family, the physician and Postmaster General Wanamaker, who had all kept a constant watch over the dying man during the night. A few moments before his death he had opened his eyes, and looking tenderly at his wife said in a low tone, "Mother," a word instinct with all the fondest recollections of their long and happy life, and by which he always called his wife when none but the family were near. He looked into her eyes as if he were about to say something more, but he seemed to have no strength left, and in a few moments he had passed away. Death had come with the coming of the dawn. The watchers saw that all was over and the brave wife and daughter, who had nursed and cared for him during his long illness, could restrain their feelings no longer but gave way to their grief, while the physician and Mr. Wanamaker endeavored to console them as best they might, though their own grief hardly permitted them to speak.



SAMUEL J. RANDALL.

Mr. Randall's Illness.

Mr. Randall had not been well for two years and his ailment was cancer of the stomach. Up to a short time ago Mr. Randall had confidence in his ability to pull through his sickness, and told a congressional visitor that he thought he was mending and that he would be able to resume his congressional duties. He joined the Presbyterian church about two months ago. Mr. Wanamaker spoke to him on this subject and Mr. Randall replyed that he had been thinking of this matter for some time and would like to become a member of the church. Arrangements were effected by which he entered the Metropolitan Presbyterian church on Capitol hill. Dr. Chester is the pastor and will probably conduct the funeral services in this city.

The news of Mr. Randall's death became quite generally known during the day. It was expected and therefore was not so much of a shock as it otherwise would have been. A large number of persons called at the residence during the day to express their condolence.

HISTORY OF HIS LIFE.

His Career on the Field of Battle and in Congress.

Samuel Jackson Randall was born in Philadelphia on Oct. 10, 1828. He came into public life at a very early age as a Democrat and has never since been retired even temporarily. He served four years in the common council of his native city, and one term—1858 59—in the Pennsylvania legislature as a state senator Mr Randall was first elected to congress in 1862. There was in Philadelphia a civilian military organization known as the First troop, Philadelphia city cavalry. It was an old-fashioned organization, dating its existence back to 1774, when its title was the "Light Horse of Philadelphia." Mr. Randall was a member of this toop in 1861, at the outbreak of the war. When the news rang out through every town and hamlet that Sumter had fallen the troop immediately tendered its services to the government and was mustered in for ninety days. Col. George H. Thomas was at this time commanding officer of the Second United States cavalry, and to this regiment the Philadelphia troop was attached. Mr. Randall was a private in the company. He saw his first real service very soon, for his troop was ordered to the front and participated in the engagement of Falling Waters against Stonewall Jackson.

Elected to Congress.

Promotion came rapidly to Private Randall and he rose through the various grades to that of colonel. He returned to Philadelphia at the close of his three months' service and in the autumn of 1862 was elected to the Thirty-seventh congress as a Democrat. Before he had taken his seat news came in June, 1863, of the Confederate raid into Maryland and Pennsylvania and he hurried to Harrisburg and placed himself at the disposition of the state authorities. An appointment as provost marshal of Columbia county followed, in which capacity he served until Gettysburg had been fought and Lee beaten back. He received the thanks of the governor and of the secretary of war for his services.

Chosen Speaker of the House.

He began his congressional career in the congress in which Hon. James G. Blaine served his first term, only two years after his old friend but political opponent of thirty years' standing—the late William D. Kelley—had commenced a career in congress that lasted nearly thirty years. Mr. Randall was returned at every succeeding election, and at the time of his death had served twenty-six years in congress, or through thirteen congresses. He was elected for a fourteenth term, but though he took the oath and qualified as a member he was not able, because of failing health, to take his seat in the present congress. Mr. Randall was a candidate for speaker of the Forty-fourth congress in 1875, but was defeated by the Hon. Michael C. Kerr, by whom he was appointed chairman of the committee on appropriations. At the second session of the same congress, Mr. Randall was chosen for speaker—Mr. Kerr having died during the recess. Mr. Randall was re-elected speaker in the Forty-fifth congress by the Democrats in 1877.

Mr. Randall's Ability.

By reason of long service and close attention to his duties, Mr. Randall became the most expert parliamentarian on the Democratic side of the house. In familiarity with the rules and all branches of parliamentary law, he perhaps had no superior in either party. It was only after he rose to the speakership that the nation was able to take in some measures the guage of Mr. Randall's ability and courage. There never has sat on the marble throne of the house a man of sterner integrity, of more unbending will when convinced that he was right, of more courageous impartiality in the performance of the legitimate and trying duties of that high place. It was thus during his first term in the speaker's chair that he was able to render his country one of the greatest services that ever fell to the lot of a public man. By his decision in the chair he ended the filibustering of a squad of some forty malcontents, led by Blackburn of Kentucky, who were determined to prevent the passage of the electoral count bill. Mr. Randall's courage did not fail him and his course in ending the filibustering was indorsed by the country at large. When the Forty-fifth congress came together in extra session in October, 1877, he was again chosen speaker, and was re-elected to preside over the Forty-sixth congress.

Defeated by Carlisle.

When the Forty-eighth congress once more brought the Democracy into power it was thought that Mr. Randall would again be its chosen leader in the house. But a mighty change had been going on within the political organization to which he belonged. John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, had come to the front as a bold thinker and bolder talker on economic subjects. The tariff reform element in the party began to show its strength. There was no misunderstanding Mr. Randall's position on this question. In the language of his enemies he was "always a Pennsylvanian on the tariff question." His protection principles were so deeply rooted that he rarely took trouble to argue them. A struggle between him and Mr. Carlisle resulted in favor of the latter, and Mr. Carlisle was chosen speaker when the Forty-eighth congress organized in 1883. Mr. Randall accepted the result with uncomplaining party loyalty and went to the head of the committee on appropriations.

Died a Poor Man.

He was the implacable foe of jobs and jobbers at all times and under all circumstances, and sought only to direct legislation in a manner tending to the highest public good. At the end of a long period of public life, with opportunies at every turn for rich personal reward, in ways, too, that might not have been known, he laid down his trust with empty hands as poor a man as ever left the public after such an active and influential career. This will be one of the proudest epitaphs upon his ever-honored tomb.

Many stories are told of Mr. Randall's sturdy characteristics. An incident of his canvass for the speakership shows the character of the man, a character that distinguished all his public career. A railway magnate said to him: "Mr. Randall, you want to be speaker. It is in my power to elect whom I please, and you know it. Allow me to name a majority of the Pacific railroad committee and you shall be the man. Will you do it?"

"No."

"Is that your last word?"

"Yes."

"Then you will not be speaker."

But he was all the same.

Mr. Randall's Family.

Mrs. Randall was a Miss Ward, daughter of Aaron Ward, a close friend of Andrew Jackson and a representative in congress for fourteen years. She is a large, fine looking woman, with dark hair and eyes, of a genial, happy nature and never ceasing in her desire to give pleasure to others. Miss Mamie Randall, now Mrs. Lancaster, did the honors of her father's house and general social duties for her mother, besides acting as her father's amanuensis. Miss Susie Randall, a younger sister, was educated in the Convent of Visitation at Georgetown. Samuel J. Randall, Jr., possesses the adroitness of his father, and it is said of him that he can obtain for himself or others almost any concession of the house attaches through his skillful maneuvering.

MEETING AT THE ARLINGTON.

Friends Pass Resolutions of Regret and Make Eulogistic Speeches.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 14.—A largely attended meeting of friends of the late Samuel J. Randall was held at the Arlington hotel Monday morning to take appropriate action on his death. The spacious parlors were crowded with people from all sections of the country, representing all walks of life. The venerable ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, was selected as chairman of the meeting, and J. V. Graeraft of Pennsylvania, and P. W. Rhodes of New York, acted as secretaries. Governor Curtin, a life-long friend of Mr. Randall, made a most feeling address in calling the assemblage to order, and spoke of deceased in terms of the tenderest endearment.

Resolutions and Eulogistic Speeches.

A committee on resolutions consisting of Garrison of Pennsylvania, W. H. Sowden of Pennsylvania, Edward McPherson of Pennsylvania, Cornelius Bliss of New York, J. F. Hanson of Georgia, J. A. Hubbell of Michigan, A. M. Bliss of New York, and George Ticknor Curtiss of New York, was appointed and reported a set of resolutions setting forth the nation's loss in the death of Mr. Randall. Speeches warm in sympathetic feeling and eulogistic of Mr. Randall's high character, lofty ambition, honest purpose, pure and exalted manhood, and firm and courageous devotion to convictions were made by Congressmen James B. McCreery of Kentucky, James W. Blunt of Georgia, and John H. Rogers of Arkansas, by Interstate Commissioner Bragg of Alabama, and others.

RANDALL'S SEAT DRAPED.

The House Passes Resolutions of Regret and Then Adjourns.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 14.—An air of sadness pervaded the house chamber when the speaker's gavel called the body to order Monday. Draped in black and ornamented with a handsome floral design, the seat so long occupied by Mr. Randall recalled to members the fact that their old colleague had passed away forever. The crayon portrait of the ex-speaker hung in the lobby was also tastefully draped with the emblems of mourning. The chaplain made a feeling prayer for the dead congressman after which O'Neill of Pennsylvania announced the death of his colleague.

Resolutions Offered.

O'Neill then offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the house has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. Samuel J. Randall, late a representative from the state of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That a committee of nine members of the house, with such members of the senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the house do now adjourn.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted and the speaker appointed the following committee: Messrs. O'Neill, Carlisle, Harmer, Holman, Cannon, Forney, McKinley, Springer and Reilly. The house then adjourned.

While duck-hunting Saturday at Ruthven, Iowa, Albert Alger, aged 18, was shot through the head and killed by the accidental discharge of his brother's gun.

THE WORLD'S FAIR BILL.

A Favorable Report Ordered by the Senate Committee.

SEVERAL AMENDMENTS AGREED TO.

A Great Naval Parade to Take Place in Hampton Roads and New York Harbor Just Prior to the Opening of the Fair in Chicago—The Silcott Defalcation Bill Approved—Other Capital City News of Interest.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 11.—The senate world's fair committee have agreed to report the world's fair bill favorably with some amendments. The committee amendments include a change in the phrasing of the paragraph relating to the subscriptions. The bill now provides that the national commission shall determine that the subscriptions are bona fide. The amended bill provided that the national commission shall determine the responsibility of the subscribers to the $5,000,000 guarantee fund. The committee adopted an amendment providing for a naval parade in Hampton roads and New York harbor just prior to the opening of the fair in May, 1893.

No Appropriation Made.

There is no appropriation made in the bill for these celebrations, this being left for congress to provide for some time in the future. The Chicago men agreed to these amendments in the hope that it would facilitate the bill's passage, but had them so modified so as not to interfere or delay the opening at Chicago. A sub-committee, consisting of Senators Hawley, Hiscock and Daniel was appointed to make the bill conform to the express wishes of the committee and to draw up a report. At the suggestion of Senator Farwell, Senator Hawley was selected as the manager of the bill on the floor.

The Anti-Future Bill.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 11.—An interesting hearing was had by the house committee on agriculture, on Mr. Butterworth's bill to prevent dealings in options and futures. There were present delegations from the New York produce and cotton exchanges, the Chicago board of trade, and the New Orleans cotton exchange, all of them to protest against the passage of the bill, which has already been recommended by the committee.

Won't Lose by Silcott's Theft.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 11.—The president has approved the act maintaining an appropriation to supply the deficiency occasioned by the defalcation in the office of the late sergeant-at-arms.

Randall's Condition Unchanged.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 11.—Mr. Randall's condition is reported unchanged. He is gradually growing weaker and the end is believed to be not far distant.

AFTER THE "HIGH FIVE" CLUB.

A Missouri Judge Causes a Commotion Among the Elite.

SEDALIA, Mo., April 12.—Acting under the instructions of Judge Ryland the grand jury now in session has issued subpoenas for a number of members of the "High Five Club," a tony social organization, among whose members are quite a number of young ladies. It is supposed that an effort will be made to find indictments against the persons at whose houses the club has met during its existence, on a charge of permitting gaming or gambling on their premises. Judge Ryland's instructions to the jury Monday to indict all person engaged in or participating in a game of "euchre," "high five," or "church raffles" has created not a little unfavorable comment here. At first it was regarded as a joke, but now that an attempt is being made to to carry out his instructions a more serious view is being taken of the matter.

Close Call for a Holocaust.

KANSAS CITY, April 12.—Fire caused by the explosion of a gasoline stove in one of a row of a dozen small tenement houses, at the corner of Twentieth and Penn streets, destroyed six of them. The wind was blowing furiously at the time and the flames spread with such rapidity that many of the tenants barely escaped with their lives. John Garvin jumped from a second-story window and sustained severe injuries. The three small children of Mrs. Harmon, whom their mother had locked in the house while she went marketing, were rescued by the fire men from a second-story window. There were many other narrow escapes. The loss is $10,000.

Little Girl Accidentally Drowned.

CHICAGO, April 12.—Hazel, the 4-year-old daughter of S. A. Harrington, of the Harrington-King Perforating company at 224 North Union street, fell into the Desplaines river at Riverside and was drowned Friday night. The child left her home to find a cloak left out of doors, and not returning her parents began a search for her. She could not be found, and with the help of neighbors the search was continued until midnight. Saturday morning a boy found the dead body entangled in the weeds near the shore of the river some distance below her home. It is supposed she wandered near the river and accidentally fell in.

Wagon Works Destroyed.

TIFFIN, Ohio, April 12.—The O'Brien Wagon works, a large three-story brick structure, was destroyed by fire at an early hour in the morning, involving a loss of $80,000, insured for $32,000. The first alarm was turned in at 4:30, quickly followed by a second and general alarm, but owing to the hydrants being clogged with mud no water could be thrown until the fire was beyond control. Nothing was saved except a few unfinished wagons. Seventy-five men are thrown out of employment and the probabilities are the factory will not be rebuilt.

Will Be a Candidate in 1892.

NEW YORK, April 12.—The Sun's Washington special says: President Harrison has formally announced that he will be a candidate for renomination in 1892. His spokesman is the Hon. J. N. Huston, treasurer of the United States and chairman of the Republican state central committee of Indiana. Mr. Huston declares that: "Indiana will go Republican in 1892, and she will go for Ben Harrison." The announcement is taken to be very significant and official in all respects.

Flood in a Wisconsin Town.

OSHKOSH, Wis., April 14.—News reaches this city that the streets of New London are completely flooded by water, the Fox river having overflowed its banks. Traveling men who reached Oshkosh say that boats are being used as the only means of transportation upon the streets of New London, and that business men and others fear a repetition of the disastrous floods of 1888.

A DETROIT HOTEL GUTTED.

The Guests Lose All Their Personal Effects—A Woman Badly Burned.

DETROIT, April 14.—The Plankinton hotel, the third largest hotel in Detroit, was gutted by fire Sunday night. Antoinette Fabian, a domestic, entered her room on the second story about 8 o'clock and found it all on fire. She ran screaming to the third story, alarming the guests. The fire quickly communicated to the elevator and shot upward to the roof, spreading to every floor. The guests, aroused by Miss Fabian's cries, fled to the street by the stairs and fire escapes.

The Heroine Becomes Panic-Stricken.

Miss Fabian became panic-stricken and would not leave the house until forced to do so by the firemen. When removed she was badly burned about her head, face, neck and breast, and had, it is feared, inhaled some of the flames, rendering her recovery doubtful. Her hair fell from her head in a mass while she was being carried to the hospital. Cora Weuman, a chambermaid, on duty on the third floor at the time the fire broke out, was slightly burned about the face.

Escape of the Guests.

The guests escaped but lost all their personal baggage. No one knows how the fire started. Miss Fabian's statement that her room was all on fire when she opened the door offers no clew to the origin beyond showing where it started. The hotel building was owned by J. M. & J. C. D. Williams and E. D. Canter, who valued it from $80,000 to $150,000.

THE CHICAGO CARPENTERS.

A Judge's Decision Results in a Partial Victory for the Men.

CHICAGO, April 14.—The attempted resumption of work by the master carpenters Monday morning may be reckoned a complete failure. Very few of the journeymen who on Saturday promised to go to work were on hand, and of these but fewer still had the hardihood to go to work. At the request of Andrew McNally, the owner of a new building in this city on which work was stopped by the carpenters' strike, Judge Prendergast ordered the assignee of the contractor to proceed with the work and give the men the pay and hours they ask.

Minnesota Eight-Hour League.

ST. PAUL, April 14.—The Minnesota eight-hour league met here Sunday and adopted resolutions directing the executive board to confer with all Central labor organizations with a view to arrange for a meeting of representatives of all labor organizations of the state to form a state federation of labor. The executive council of the Farmers' alliance will also be conferred with.

They Want a Shorter Work Day.

BOSTON, April 14.—Organizers reported at a meeting of the carpenters' district council that every trade organization in the state promises to financially support the carpenters in their eight and nine hour demands. The union carpenters of the state number 6,500 and they are urged by their leaders to make every effort to secure the concessions without a strike.

RAN INTO A BRIDGE.

Criminal Carelessness Results in a Disaster at East Saginaw, Mich.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., April 14.—The steamer Handy Boy, of the Bay line of river steamers, running between Saginaw and Bay City, while bound down ran into the Flint and Pere Marquette railroad bridge, carrying away all her upper works and sweeping many people into the river. She was sixty feet west of her course in the channel. Carelessness on the part of those in charge is given as the cause of the accident. Capt. Dolsen got ashore and escaped, although police are searching for him. George Little, engineer, and Ed Trump, the man at the wheel, are in jail.

The List of Victims.

The latest estimate of the loss of life places it at five. The list of missing and injured so far as known is as follows: Missing—Miss May Haight; Mrs. Catherine Nevins, mother of Rev. Father Nevins; a boy and two unknown men. Injured—Thomas Massy, seriously; Charles Massey, slightly; Leonard Nerreter, slightly; Rudolph Wrege, eye badly injured; Sandy Perry, of Carrollton, face badly cut; boy from west side severely injured, besides a number of Bay City people whose names cannot be ascertained. The captain has not yet been found.

Breach of Promise Suit.

CARTHAGE, Ills., April 14.—Miss Leah Brewer, of Tioga, in Hancock county, has brought suit against Dr. Arista Lloyd of the same place for $10,000 for breach of promise. Lloyd procured a marriage license at the county clerks office in Carthage Feb. 28 last to marry Miss Brewer, but subsequently destroyed it. Friday he secured another license at the same place to wed Miss Carrie Kern, of Tioga, who is the young daughter of the Rev. Mr. Kern, an Evangelical Lutheran minister. Miss Brewer was in Carthage Saturday and employed attorneys. She says that Lloyd has basely betrayed her. Lloyd denies the charge and says it is a case of blackmail or persecution.

A Democratic Victory.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 14.—The postponed city election resulted in a Democratic victory, giving that party a senator and eight representatives. The complexion of the incoming legislature shows fifty-seven Democrats and fifty Republicans, which gives the Democrats a working majority, with two to spare, and insures the election of the Democratic state ticket. The Australian ballot system worked like clockwork, very few voters requiring instruction in preparing their ballots, while everybody had time enough to vote.

Born with a Blue Complexion.

PITTSBURG, April 14.—Evan Evans and wife, both Welsh, who live in a boat on the river bank, have been blessed with a girl baby with a blue skin—not an ultramarine, but the color a piece of white muslin takes on after being rinsed in indigo water. This color is not alone in the face of the child, but extends to its body and limbs. The attending physician says the bluish color of the skin is caused by a faulty construction in the heart.

Death of Father Jaen.

LYONS, Iowa, April 14.—Father F. C. Jaen, the plaintiff in the famous suit for $100,000 against Bishop Hennessey, of Dubuque, died here very suddenly from the effects of the grip. Father Jaen was aged 64 and was a native of France, where most of his relatives reside.

Suicide of a Conspirator.

DENVER, Colo., April 14.—At 8:40 o'clock Sunday night Oscar M. Roberts, one of the young men who was arrested four weeks ago for conspiracy to kidnap ex-Senator Tabor and hold him for a ransom of $50,000, committed suicide by taking an ounce of laudanum.

Copyright, 1889.

Said Sarah to Mary:

"Pray, tell me, dear cousin, what can be the matter?
Sure, a few months ago you were fairer and fatter.
Now your cheeks, once so rosy, are sunken and sallow,
Your thin, trembling hands are as hueless as tallow;
Your nerves are unstrung, your temper is shaken,
And you act and appear like a woman forsaken."

Said Mary to Sarah:

"Your comments seem rough, but the facts are still rougher,
For nobody knows how acutely I suffer.
I am sick unto death and well nigh desperation,
With female disorders and nervous prostration,
I've doctored and dosed till my stomach is seething
And life hardly seems worth the trouble of breathing."

Said Sarah to Mary:

"Forgive me, my dear, if my comments seem crusty,
And, pray, try a cure that is certain and trusty.
'Tis needless to suffer, to murmur and languish
And pass half your days in such pitiful anguish,
For 'female disorders' of every description
Are certainly cured by Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

Mary heeded this good advice, bought a supply of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it wrought a perfect cure. The history of her marvelous restoration to health is similar to that of thousands.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the world-famed remedy for all those chronic weaknesses and distressing derangements so common to American women. It is a most potent, invigorating, restorative tonic, or strength giver, imparting tone and vigor to the whole system. As a soothing nervine it is unequaled. See guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

A Book of 160 pages, treating of Woman and Her Diseases, and their Self-cure, sent in plain sealed envelope, to any address, on receipt of ten cents, in stamps.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE,

Billious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Billious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of

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Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless.

As a LIVER PILL, Unequaled!

ONE PELLET A DOSE! SMALLEST, CHEAPEST, EASIEST TO TAKE.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The steamer Chenango burned and sank off Erie, Pa., Saturday night. No lives were lost.

The house committee on rivers and harbors will report $500,000 for the Hennepin canal.

Twelve cart loads of crushed eggs, sandwich papers and other rubbish were taken from the White House grounds after the children's egg-rolling picnic on Easter Monday.

If the bill to refund the direct war tax passes congress this winter Illinois' share would be $974,568.63.

It is said that Spain is ripe for a republic and will soon throw off the yoke of monarchy.

Messengers at Omdurman declare that the mahdi has vanished and that famine is raging throughout the Soudan.

The Highland Presbytery, composed of the Presbyterian churches in northwestern Kansas, voted Friday almost unanimously in favor of a revision of the confession of faith.

A fierce prairie fire near Emporia, Kan., Friday, devastated the farms of D. B. Wise, Randolph Wirts, and Henry Plumberger, all of whom lost their barns and some of their cattle. Mrs. Wise was very badly burned.

The president of the French Geographical society is opposed to a public reception to Henry M. Stanley because his enterprise had a commercial object and because he treated Brazza with disdain.

Miss Leah Brewer, of Tioga, Ills., has brought suit against Dr. Arista Floyd for $10,000 for alleged breach of promise of marriage.

Saturday afternoon William Striff, a boiler maker at Lima, Ohio, was blinded by a piece of steel striking his eye and cutting the ball in two.

Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler" brought $1,680 at auction in New York last week.

A Butler county, Pa., cow gave birth to five calves last week, but none of them lived.

The population of New Orleans has increased 120,000 in ten years. It is now 336,000.

A Mormon with two wives and fourteen children were found in Provo, Utah, recently, living in a hut with one room.

Japanese chickens with tails from eleven to thirteen feet long are being imported into this country.

A fan made of human hair is displayed at a London store. Even what appears to be beautiful lace fringing the sticks is real hair.

Boston scientists have discovered why trees do not flourish near electric lights. They need the repose of darkness.

A movement is on foot for a simultaneous international European labor movement May 1 next, in which 1,000,000 workingmen are expected to participate.

The ancient Greeks used olive leaves for ballots, and the Australian voting system is a revival of the practice in Rome 2,000 years ago.

The price of petroleum has declined 30 cents per barrel within the last two months, chiefly by reason of an increase in the production of 21,000 barrels per day.

Patti refused to sing into a phonograph at San Francisco, but one of Edison's agents concealed a cylinder on the stage and caught the impression of her $1,000 notes.

Nagle Discharged from Custody.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 14.—The supreme court of the United States rendered a decision in case of Sheriff Cunningham of San Joaquin county, California, against Marshal David Nagle, brought here on an appeal from the judgment of the circuit court of the United States of California, which discharged Nagle from the custody of the sheriff who held him a prisoner on the charge of murdering Judge Terry last August. The court in a long opinion delivered by Justice Miller affirms the judgment of the circuit court authorizing the discharge of Nagle. Justice Field did not sit in the hearing in this case nor take part in the decision.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, April 14.

Quotations on the board of trade to-day were as follows: Wheat—No. 2 May, opened 91c, closed 90c; June, opened 91½c, closed 90¼c; July, opened 86c, closed 86⅝c. Corn—No. 2 May, opened 32⅝c, closed 33c; June, opened 33¾c, closed 33¼c; July, opened 33⅝c, closed 34⅛c. Oats—No. 2 May, opened and closed 23⅜c; June, opened 24c, closed 23⅝c; July, opened and closed 23⅝c. Pork—May, opened $12.50, closed $12.65; June, opened $12.70, closed $12.80; July, opened $13.50, closed $12.90. Lard—May, opened $6.55, closed $6.47½.

Live stock—The stock yards report the following range of prices: Hogs—Market opened rather active, with prices a shade higher; light grades, $4.15@4.40; rough packing, $4.20@4.25; mixed lots, $4.25@4.40; heavy packing and shipping lots, $4.30@4.50.

Produce: Butter—Fancy Elgin, 20@20½c per lb; fine creameries, 17@18; dairies, finest, fresh, 14@17c; fresh packing stock, 4@6c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 11c per doz. Dressed poultry—Chickens, 9½@10c per lb; turkeys, 10@13c; young hens, 15@15½c; ducks, 12@14c. Apples—Fair to choice, $4.00@4.50 per bbl.

Broom Corn—Hurl, 6@7c per lb; whisk brush 5¾@6¼c; green, self-working, 4¾@5¼c; inside and covers, 4@5c; common brush, 3¾@4c; crooked, 2@3½c.

New York.

NEW YORK, April 14.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, 95¼c cash; do May, 93c; do June, 92¾c; do July, 92c. Corn—No. 2 mixed 41½@41¾c cash; do May, 40⅝c; do June, 40⅜c. Oats—Dull but steady; No. 2 mixed, 30¼@30¾c cash; do April 30⅛c; do May, 29¾; do June, 29⅝c. Rye—Nominal. barley—Nominal. Pork—Dull; mess $11.75@12.25 for new. Lard—Steady; May, $6.30; July, $6.86.

Live Stock: Cattle—Market 5c ℔ 100 lbs higher; steers, $3.90@5.00 ℔ 100 lbs; bulls and dry cows, $2.35@3.65. Sheep and Lambs—Market steady; sheep, $4.00@7.00 ℔ 100 lbs; yearlings, $5.50@5.87½; spring lambs, $4.00@7.00 each. Hogs—Market steady; live hogs, $4.40@4.90 ℔ 100 lbs.

Toledo.

TOLEDO, April 14.

Wheat—Active and firm; cash, 88½c; May, 89c; July, 86⅝c; August, 85⅝c. Corn—Quiet; cash and May, 34½c; July, 35½c. Oats—Firm; cash and May, 25c bid. Clover seed—Quiet; cash and April, $3.35; October, $3.70.

St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, April 14.

Wheat—Very excited and sharply higher; closed cash, 88c; May and June, 88½c; July, 84¾@84⅞c. Corn—Higher; cash, 30¼c; May, 30c; July, 31⅝@31¾c. Oats—Higher; cash, 24c bid; May, 24⅝c; July, 24½c. Pork—Very strong retailing. Lard—Nominally $6.20. Whisky—Steady; $1.02.

Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, April 14.

Wheat—Excited; No. 2 spring on track cash, 84c; May, 81¼c; No. 1 northern, 86@87c. Corn—Quiet; No. 3 on track, 31½@32c. Oats—Easier; No. 2 white on track, 25¼@26½c. Rye—Higher; No. 1 in store, 48@48½c. Barley—Steadier; No. 2 on track, 47@49c.

Detroit.

DETROIT, April 14.

Wheat—No. 1 white cash, 89c; No. 2 red cash 89c, nominal; May, 89c bid; July, 87c; August, 86c. Corn—No. 2 mixed cash 35c bid; May, 35c nominal. Oats—No. 2 mixed cash, 26c, nominal; No. 2 white cash, 26¾c.

A Dramatic Puzzle.

Philosopher (at the theatre)—It is most remarkable to me how that hero and heroine can act so vividly, like truly impassioned lovers.

Theatre Habitue—Off the stage those two are man and wife.

Philosopher—Yes, it's remarkable—very remarkable.—New York Weekly.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.
Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, APRIL 19, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. – Henry E. Dixey.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State– "A Drop of Poison."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn– Boston Ideals.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle– Mr. and Mrs. Kendall.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph– "The Fakir."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union –"A Royal Pass."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street – Lizzie Evans.

JACOB'S CLARK STREET THEATRE.
Corner of North Clark and Kinzie Streets – "The Gladiator."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison. – Corinne in "A Bunch of Keys."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

DEATH OF MR. RANDALL.

The death of the Hon. Samuel J Randall, of Pennsylvania, which occurred in Washington at dawn on Monday, has removed from the sphere of great public usefulness, at the comparatively early age of 62, one of America's ablest statesmen. Mr. Randall was not an orator, in the generally accepted sense of that term. His manner was awkward, his voice unmusical, and his matter absolutely destitute of anything even approaching the ornate; yet he always held the attention of the House, no matter on what subject he rose to speak, and the earnestness of his delivery ever made up for defects of style and crudity of gesture. His unbroken career of seven and twenty years in Congress gave him an opportunity to become familiar with all details of government, and as a public financier, Samuel J. Randall had few, if any, rivals in the United States. He united American activity with Roman firmness and Spartan honesty. No man stood higher in the estimation of men of all parties. Extreme Democrats frequently complained of his protection policy and claimed that he acted for the interests of Pennsylvania only, but his every act and vote showed him to be an American patriot of the very broadest scope, erring, if at all, on the side of a too rigid economy, which is always a good fault in men who more or less command the resources of a nation.

Mr. Randall, although a vehement protectionist, was also a vehement Democrat. The two characters may seem contradictory, but they were harmonized in this extraordinary man. Had the Democratic party taken his advice, in 1888, a Democratic president would be sitting in the White House to-day. But Grover Cleveland, at the dictation of the South, saw fit to ram free trade down the throat of his party, and political asphyxiation was the result.

Mr. Randall, throughout his long and honorable career, was ever on the side of the Union. He differed as to details of policy and procedure from his Republican associates, but, on the main principle of maintaining the government intact, there was no difference of opinion between him and them. He was frequently accused of parsimony in the matter of appropriations, but that was a part of his political nature. He was Jeffersonian to the core, hated foreign airs and customs and loved his country with good old fashioned devotion.

It is undeniable that Mr. Randall was, in his own way, a little of a despot. He generally yielded gracefully to the inevitable, but he held on to his convictions with characteristic tenacity. While he occupied the Speaker's chair he governed the House with a rod of iron, although, at times, he permitted great latitude in debate.

Mr. Randall and his immediate followers in Congress, aided the Republicans very materially both upon the naval and coast fortification bills. They always wanted to restrict the appropriations, but usually compromised on something respectable. Nothing used to so amuse the House, on such occasions, as a verbal tilt between Mr. Randall and the present Speaker, the Hon. Thomas B. Reed. Both were positive in their convictions, and each yielded to the other only after every parliamentary stratagem had been exhausted.

The deceased statesman was a lover of human liberty, but disdained to play the demagogue in that respect. He was a sincere believer in the right of Ireland to her legislative independence, and never hesitated to express himself to that effect, if occasion arose, in any company whatever. He did all that lay in his power to show respect to Ireland in the persons of Mr. Parnell and his colleagues when those gentlemen visited Washington.

The greatest political triumph of Mr. Randall's life was the defeat of the Hon. William R Morrison's Horizontal Reduction (Tariff) bill in 1884 No vote taken since the rebellion broke out was watched with so intense an interest, and the galleries had not been so crowded since the tragical death of Abraham Lincoln. The enacting clause of the Morrison bill was stricken out by the narrow majority of *four*, but it was sufficient. "The galleries" —all but the diplomatic—rose *en masse* and shook the great hall with the resonance of their cheers. Even the ladies caught the spirit and applauded with great energy. The result was recognized as a national victory, and Samuel J. Randall was hailed as the victor.

Mr. Randall lived and died a poor man, in the comparative sense. His tastes were simple and his wants few. He was a hard worker, and never felt so cheerful as when fairly overwhelmed with business. His work on those two laborious committees—Ways and Means and Appropriations—no doubt hastened his end. America never had a more faithful public servant. and the fine touch of his guiding hand will be long missed in the fiscal policy of the country.

Though millions of his countrymen differed from Mr. Randall in matters of state policy, all held him in respect, and those who knew him best regarded him with sincere affection. His private life, like his public career, was spotless, and he has gone to his grave amid the universal mourning of the people of the republic which his zeal and genius did so much to make great and prosperous.

"SMART" IRISHMEN.

It is a wonder that the Chicago *Tribune* —a newspaper that boasts of so many men with Irish blood in their veins connected with it—should not feel a greater pride in our exceedingly smart people. If the following editorial statement, made by the *Tribune* of last Friday, were entirely true, the Irish ought to claim the first place in the ranks of political genius:

"A glance at the list of the Cregier-Cullerton committees appointed Tuesday evening by the council with the aid of the mayor's casting vote will convince the well posted reader that the sandbaggers, monopoly agents, and franchise sellers have the best of it. They head nearly all the committees. They are in the majority in every one of them. The Hickeys, Burkes, Powerses, Dvoraks, Ryans, O'Briens, and Cremers are everywhere. They 'boss the job,' as they would put it themselves.

"And of course the 'governing race' have seized the lion's share. The 82,000 American born voters have but a solitary representative among the twenty one chairmen of committees. Bunker is permitted to be chairman of the committee on public schools, probably because the aldermen of the 'governing race,' as patrons of parochial schools, did not care for the honor. The Germans are given two chairmanships—Weber that of Streets and Alleys North and Cremer that on Licenses. The Bohemians get one, Dvorak being chairman of Harbor and Bridges, and the Hebrews one, Jackson, the committee on Public Buildings, which is as good as that on lonesome roads.

"The Irish got fifteen chairmanships out of the twenty-one, and they are a majority in membership on nineteen of the twenty-one committees, as can be readily ascertained.

"Cullerton (Irish) heads the Finance committee.

"McEnerney (Irish), the oily gammon member of the council, gets on the Judiciary.

"McGillen (Irish) is at the head of Railroads.

"Ryan (Irish also) is chairman of the committee on Fire and Water.

"Burke—"Eddie" Burke—(Irish) sheds his radiance on the committee on Gas as its chairman.

"Murphy (Irish) will "boss" the committee on Health.

"Mahoney (Irish) is head of the committee on Elections.

"Hickey (of Tipperary, which is supposed to be in Ireland) is chairman of the South Side Streets and Alleys Committee —the most important next to the Finance Committee of the whole list.

"Mulvihill (Irish) will look after getting on the police.

"Gahan (Irish) leads the committee on Wharves.

"Noonan, whose name sounds somewhat Celtic, gets the Markets.

"Billy" O'Brien (Irish) gets wharfing privileges to deal out.

"Kenny (Irish to the backbone and spinal marrow) will boss the Bridewell committee.

"Kelly (Irish) will look after local assessments.

"McCann (Irish) will do the printing, which ought to be in Gaelic.

"And Jim McHale, a "broth of a boy" from the "ould sod," will "take out" any fellow who dares to question the ascendancy of the 'governing race.'

"Thus it will be seen that the Irish, who had but 20 000 voters in Chicago last fall, get fifteen times more than the Americans with 80 000 voters, and eight times more than the Germans with 35,000 voters.

"Who will dare question the ascendancy or dispute the right of the 'governing race' in this city hereafter? They are born rulers of Americans, Germans, Scandinavians, and other meek peoples."

The American daily papers are forever claiming that all of us, no matter where born, should be Americans. Well, when the Irish try to be Americans, and attend to purely American affairs, the daily papers growl at them. Any Irishman bearing the name of Smith, Brown, Jones or Robinson can pass for an American in this country, no matter how much of the Doric accent of Ireland he may have in his speech, but let him bear the name of Murphy, Ryan, Burke, McEnerney or Mahoney, even though born on this soil, and his father before him, he is still an Irishman. To our positive knowledge, fully half of the aldermen whose names are mentioned by the *Tribune* were born in the United States, and are, therefore, as much American as the editor of the *Tribune* himself. In fact they are registered at the polling places as Americans, which is their indisputable right, and they, and thousands like them, are counted in with the American vote. If there are only 20,000 Irish voters in Chicago, and that they hold offices out of proportion to their numbers, then what are we to think of the alleged 82,000 "American," and 35 000 "German" voters? Why stand they there idle all election day? Have they not the franchise as well as the Irish? What hinders them, then? Either they are too lazy to vote, or they consider that the affairs of the city are safer in the hands of the smart Irish. Well, the city prospers, and why should fault be found with the vigorous race that has done so much to build it up? Let the American and German American citizens stick to trade exclusively. When they confess that 20,000 Irishmen are their rulers, they had better leave municipal affairs exclusively in Irish hands. The Irish will take the contract, and pledge themselves to give the city a good and economical government that will be a model among modern municipalities.

MATTHEW HARRIS, M.P.

Mr. Matthew Harris, member of parliament for East Galway, died at his residence in Ballinasloe, last Monday, having succumbed, after a lingering illness, to a complication of maladies. Mr. Harris, although well advanced in years, was quite vigorous until within the last twelve months, and was one of the most active and indefatigable members of the Irish party. He was very much in advance of most of his colleagues as a Nationalist, but offered no opposition to the Parnell programme, because he felt nothing could be done in the old fashioned rebellious way in these piping times of agitation and broken pledges. Mr. Harris was a thoroughly sincere and honorable man. His devotion to his country's cause had the effect of injuring his business, and, unfortunately, he died in greatly reduced circumstances. His family are left without provision, and THE CITIZEN is given to understand, from reliable sources, that the knowledge of the unhappy situation greatly embittered the last hours of the dying patriot. Certainly the people of East Galway, whom he so honestly represented, and whose cause through good and ill he sustained, ought to get together and see to it that those whom Mr. Harris held dear do not suffer the penalty of absolute poverty by his death.

JOHN M. BURKE, formerly of Ballinamore Bridge, county Galway, Ireland, was accidentally killed at the Eighty-seventh street railroad crossing, on Wentworth avenue, last Saturday morning. He was twenty-four years old, and a fine physical and mental specimen of the Irish race. Mr. Burke came from Ireland six years ago, and, during most of that time, had resided in this city. Mr. Burke's untimely death is greatly lamented by all who knew him.

OBITUARY.

OFFICER MICHAEL M'KEY.

The Chicago police force lost one of its most stalwart members on Thursday of last week in the person of Officer Michael McKey, of the Central Squad, who died suddenly of pneumonia, greatly to the grief of all who were familiar with his kindly face and heroic form, which, for five years, towered mightily over all passers by on the corner of State and Randolph streets. Mr. McKey was a veritable giant, but was admirably proportioned. He was as good natured as he was powerful, and always had a pleasant word and kindly smile for his acquaintances. That particular corner has not looked natural since Officer McKey was called to the great station beyond the sky. Men and women, and even children, who did not know his name were saddened when they heard of the sudden doom of the big officer, who so often saw them safely over the crowded crossings. One wave of "Mac's" tremendous club, which he never found occasion to use, was sufficient to stop the most headstrong of jarveys or of teamsters. Mr. McKey was of very temperate habits, and never received a reprimand while in the service. He caught cold during the fierce rain and wind storms of the week before last, and, being of strong physique and dreading no fatal attack, deferred treatment until too late. He leaves a widow but no children. The funeral occurred on Sunday morning to Mount Olivet cemetery, and was largely attended by members of the force, and all classes of citizens. *Requiescat in Pace.*

THE COLLEEN BAWN.

Miss Banim, in Her Graphic Letters on Limerick, Gives the True Foundation of Gerald Griffin's Great Novel, "The Collegians."

A Highly Interesting Bit of Irish Criminal History.

MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF LIMERICK.

In Limerick there are two spots whence can be had magnificent views of the old city, with all those fair surroundings which, even now, in its decay, so throw the lustre of their fresh beauty over the ancient place that, viewed from either of these standpoints, scarcely a town in the kingdom can vie in picturesque effect with this half ruined city of the past.

The first of these views, and one seen by every visitor, is that from Wellesley, now Sarsfield bridge. The scene is almost identical with that to be enjoyed from Turf quay, but that here there is greater extent—a longer reach of the Shannon. From Sarsfield bridge we see the full length of the Clare suburb landing, by the militia barracks, on to Thomond Gate, and the distance mellows and softens yet more the grey towers of King John's Castle, the trees and the old buildings, while, late on the fine afternoons, the whole scene seems bathed in that lovely, misty light that perhaps Turner alone has succeeded in picturing.

But the most beautiful and most varied prospect is to be had from our next standpoint, and to reach it we leave modern Limerick behind and enter the "City of the Violated Treaty."

I have said that there are two Limerick cities—the new and the old; this latter is again subdivided into two parts, known as the English and the Irish towns. These are distinctly separated by the arm of the Shannon called the Abbey river, which flows inland between the English and Irish towns, and forms the island known as the King's Island, on part of which the English town is built. This is connected with the Irish town by a series of bridges.

It is not that the English built the place, or that its people were at any time less Irish than those of the mainland; it was simply so named because, after the various invasions of Limerick by the British, their garrisons were quartered in King John's Castle and other forts on the King's Island, while the Irish soldiery kept the Irish town. Today, except within the walls of Castle and Cathedral, the

"ENGLISH TOWN"

is probably one of the most staunchly Irish quarters to be found in the whole land.

But where shall we go first? It is so hard to choose that we will just go straight on, and take places at random; it generally turns out the pleasantest way in the end.

At the foot of George's street all the thoroughfares suddenly contract; the character of the dwellings on all sides change; there are big houses with little shops, and small houses with microscopic shops, and all are poorer looking. The narrow streets wind and twist, and the people who pass and re pass are, like their dwellings, less prosperous looking than the throngs in the modern town. But are they sadder in the expression of their faces or less kindly to speak with? Not a bit of it. Their looks are full of intelligence, and the moment a question is put to the humblest among them, men or women, they actually sparkle all over with the pleasure of showing their good will, their delight in being of service to a civil spoken stranger. The full knowledge of this kindliness among the people of old Limerick is all we need—pitch your guide books into the Shannon, and plunge with courage right on into Patrick street, where the old dealer in bric-a-brac stands just inside the door of his gloomy shop and notes accurately every stranger who passes. He has not much now a days that is worth purchasing; the treasures were all picked up long ago by tourists, Irish-Americans mostly. From his door there is a pretty view of the old cathedral, of quaint gables, of a fine mass of trees, and from out the trees peeps the last pinnacle left on the Castle House—the house wherein Cromwell's son-in-law, Ireton, breathed his last.

Close by is the boundary of the Irish town, the Abbey river, crossed by Mathew bridge, and from this latter standpoint are seen to great advantage the quays of the English and Irish towns, behind whose houses are piled in picturesque groups the half-ruined gables of great buildings, the remains of the once splendid Augustinian and other abbeys,

WRECKED IN TIMES OF PERSECUTION;

the grey tower of on old castle known to some as Limerick Castle and to others as Sarsfield's Castle; in the distance the slender spire of the new Catholic cathedral—a beautiful building. On one quay is the now closed up "Monte de Piete," or Pawn Office, which was started about fifty years ago on the continental principle—that is, as an institution really helpful to the poor, for whose benefit, and not for any private individual's profit, they were established. For awhile this continental system did fairly well in Limerick, as it was worked by philanthropic persons, but it was never made, as it was abroad, a state institution; it gradually fell into the hands of private money lenders, and is now only what a poor woman aptly termed it when trying to recall the name and traditions of the old "Mont de Piete"—"The Mount to Pay." This institution was one of the good works of the Barrington family.

A little higher up the river is Beal's bridge, where, of a market day, the country women hold a market in the primitive fashion of spreading out their country made wares on the ground, they themselves squatting on a truss of straw in the midst of wooden coolers, noggins, bowls, butter prints, stout rush bottomed chairs, churns of fresh buttermilk, and stores of apples, the latter in carts or spread out temptingly on a layer of clean straw. This is the place to hear the county Clare Irish spoken, here, and at the potatoes quay, which is on the other side of this, Mathew Bridge.

Turning our eyes to the north and west, we see the ancient cathedral, half hidden in the trees; the ruined Franciscan abbey; the long vista of the Shannon and the green hills of Clare, all in a flood of light, and, at our feet, the Abbey river, whose quays are grey with age and patched in every crevice with bunches of pellatory, while their many flights of steps are the haunts of many little boys, for whom the water's edge has always as great an attraction as has the parapet of a bridge for men.

I do not wonder the parapet of Mathew bridge has always its groups of votaries, for the whole scene is picturesque, with an old world look about it that is very attractive.

THE POTATO QUAY.

A few steps across the bridge and the potato quay is reached; we stand in the English town, but, as a test of the inhabitants' nationality, just let us step in here to Mrs. Mac's potato store; say you would be glad to rest awhile—"you can make yourself quite comfortable on the little sack of meal or potatoes." "Ah, then, the Lord forbid I'd have the bad manners to let you sit there, agra."

The little store is as clean as hands can make it. Mrs. Mac runs to her room behind the shop for one chair, her gossip for another; the chairs are dusted with the women's aprons, and, with a "kindly welcome, and why not?" we seat ourselves in the chairs. Mrs. Mac folds her stout arms up in her apron and leans her back against the counter; the neighboring woman, that was "just about to be going" when we entered, seats herself in the big scales, and——we won't want to leave for the next two hours if we are any good at putting leading questions calculated to show a little knowledge, but not too much. Especially if we are not ashamed to show, by a word now and again, that we understand the poor, and know them to have hearts and feelings as tender and as true——or tender and true! Ah, far more so than the too often selfish rich.

"An' this is your first visit to Limerick, an' yous haven't been round yet to see the Treaty Stone r or the Black Battery, where the women of Limerick bet the enemy an' routed all before 'em ("Ay, puts in the neighboring woman, giving a rock to the scales, "an' would this minute, but give us the chance, Amin!"); nor Garryowen, that the song was made about; nor Sarsfield's statue, an' be there, with his sword lifted an' a smile on his face that says, plain as I'm speakin', 'Come on, boys; we'll give them a rise that'll take the shine out of 'em.' Like as if it was only a bit of diversion he was on for. An' then in wid them, an' it was 'Sarsfield's the word and Sarsfield's the man!' Yerra, bad manners to me, sure I suppose yous know more about it than myself—but there he is anyhow, close to Black Battery. It's a hospital now, and it is nuns are in it, caring for the sick."

"No, this is not Thomond Bridge, honey, this is Mathew Bridge. This is a new one, named after Father Mathew; but there was an old bridge there where the Irish used to be hanged and their heads spiked up long ago. Many's the terrible sight that bridge witnessed, even in my own father's days (the Lord be merciful to him). Your mother, Mrs. Lacy, was a Limerick woman (I'm county Clare myself); she remembered well seeing the murderer of the Colleen Bawn going to execution across it."

"She was standing, as it might be, by the door of this very house," answered Mrs. Lacy from the scales, "for she stood, as she often told me, right forenenst the foot of the bridge as they brought him from the jail near hand here, and the road to Gallows green was across the bridge. Can I tell you the rights of the story? It's I that can then, for sure my mother knew her uncle above in Garryowen—a ropemaker he was by trade, and a decent man; ann myself knows her people at this very time down in Shanagolden.

"Well, the story is this; it happened upwards of seventy years ago:

"Ellen Hanly—(the Colleen Bawn they call her now, because she was so called in a book that was written, and in a play made about her)—Ellen Hanly, ma'am, was a fine young girl. All her people were poor, decent people—small farmers and the like—down in the country, but she lived mostly with an uncle above in Garryowen. Well, she was made love to and courted by a young man that was about town. He was rich, all his people were rich and high up, some of them titled people, and, of course, a poor young girl like that had no right to forget herself, and mind the words of the like of him, or speak to him at all. But, sure, what is a poor young thing to believe? How is she to have villany enough in her own heart to think wrong of a man that comes asking her to love him, to marry him; that goes with her to the priest and marries her, as John Scanlan did?

BUT HE WAS A VILLAIN.

Young as he was, he had been in the army, here and there, and had learned to be a cruel traitor. He soon got tired of the wife that, of course, was not fine enough to go among ladies and gentlemen, and he had not only a bad heart, but the black, cruel heart of a coward. He knew well what the poor ignorant child (only 16 years of age she was) did not know, that, only let him be bad enough, and the laws of them days would allow him to leave her, there on the world, alone. Those were the penal times, and they said a priest's marriage was no marriage; the marriage that was a true one before God the laws then let a man deny. Scanlan could have left his young wife in that way, and it would be bad enough, but she would still be there on the face of the earth, a reproach to him—his true wife, maybe standing up before him when he'd be married to a lady.

"He settled to murder her. He hired his servant man, one of his low, drinking companions—to take the creature away that they might make an end of her.

"The poor girl was living at the time in the house of a woman at a place called Glin, below Kilrush, when her husband, Scanlan, settled what was to be done with her. He wrote a letter his servant was to give to Ellen Scanlan, his wife, bidding her go with the man wherever he would take her. As soon as the poor girl got the note, she showed it to the woman of the house, and the woman, not liking the looks of the messenger, advised Ellen not to go, not to be said or led by him.

"It's my husband who writes," said the poor thing. "This is his messenger that he bids me go with I'll do what he tells me, in the name o' G d" She left, taking her clothes and the few trinkets her husband had given her, little thinking the very same clothes and trinkets would be the means of hanging the murderer. But sure the ways of the Almighty are beyond us all.

The villain took the poor girl out to an island in the Shannon. She was going to meet the master, he told her. That night master and man rowed Ellen out in a boat on the river, and never again was she seen till her dead body was found, washed in by the tide on the very lands of an uncle of her husband, Scanlan.

Oh! the black heart that man had! They said the poor creature must have made a hard struggle—must have risen, yet alive and strong, to look him in the face and cry to him for pity—must have got a strong grip on the edge of the boat, for the fingers of the hand were smashed across, where the wretches beat her with an oar to make her let go her hold.

When the body was found, people then noted how, on the sister of Sullivan, one of the men who murdered her, they saw what they now remembered were the clothes of Ellen Scanlan. John Scanlan was seized, and think of the nature that "gentleman" had! They found him wearing the very ring that was on his young wife's finger the day before her death. And on Sullivan's finger they saw

HER WEDDING RING."

Sullivan escaped somehow for a time. Young Scanlan was taken, tried just below there in the court house, and lay waiting his death in the jail hard by. It was the great Daniel O'Connell that defended him; but even he could not save him. His mother—she was the Honorable Mrs Scanlan—and some of his people worked heaven and earth to save him, because he was a "gentleman," save the mark, and his wife was a poor Irish girl; but for once there was justice for the poor. Scanlan was hanged; aye, and he died with a lie on his lips; "He did not do it, he never murdered her," he said, as if plotting her death, paying for it, and looking at it wasn't doing it.

As I told you, my mother stood close by that bridge as the murderer of his young wife was brought in a carriage to Gallows Green, the minister sitting in the carriage beside him; and what I'm now telling you happened as sure as I'm a living woman this day. All Limerick knows it.

Horses won't carry a lost soul over running water, nor the body, dead or alive, of a lost soul. Everyone saw it. When the horses came just there forenenst us to the foot of the bridge they stopped, and, no more than if they were beasts of stone, no power could get them to cross the water. It was a terrible sight. The people—mad with hatred and horror of the man, but quiet and silent, because he was in face of his doom—crowding round the carriage windows; the soldiers and police trying to keep them off and force the horses to move. The awful knowledge that fell upon the whole people because of the creatures' refusing to go, for, by that sign, they all knew that Scanlan would die without the repentance that may God send us all sinners, now and at the hour of death, Amen.

At last the minister said the prisoner must walk it; and, arm in arm, he and Scanlan crossed the bridge in sight of the multitude, and then the horses, of their own accord, moved on, quiet as lambs."

This story, with scarcely a difference in detail, is the true version of Gerald Griffin's "Colleg ans."—*Mary Banim in Dublin Freeman.*

THEY ARE FIGHTERS.

The Interesting History of a Famous French Cavalry Regiment.

A Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats Unis* gives an entertaining account of the Fifth Hussars, the most famous cavalry regiment in the French army. In all probability this regiment will be at the head of the French forces on the first engagement in the coming war with Germany. It was first named the Beau sabreur Hussars, and fought in the seven years' war. Later on it became the Colonel General Hussars, and at the outbreak of the revolution it received its present name. It took an active part in the battles of Valmy, Jemmapes, Wittignies, and in other engagements in Holland, Germany, Spain and Russia. It had a hand in all the great military affairs, and several times gained the eulogies of the first Napoleon. In January, 1792, it performed the strangest feat that was ever accomplished by any cavalry regiment since the world began, namely, the capture of an entire fleet. At that time the Dutch war vessels got fast in the ice of the Texel. A cavalry charge was about the last thing that the admiral expected; but that is just what he received, and the loss of all his vessels was the consequence. At the battle of Hohenlinden, in 1800, the Fifth Hussars decided the contest by repeated charges and the capture of eighty guns. In 1806, after Jena, it formed a part of the famous "infernal brigade" of Gen. LaSalle and captured the fortress of Stettin. It was this extraordinary exploit that brought out Napoleon's letter to Murat; "Since your hussars can take fortresses, I may as well dismiss my corps of engineers and have my heavy artillery melted."

During the Franco Prussian war this regiment did some of the hardest fighting. At the battle of Bezonville it saved several guns that were on the point of being taken by the Prussians, and at Bitche it contributed to the splendid defense of the place and came out with all the honors of war along with the rest of the garrison, which held out until after the treaty of peace.

The Fifth Hussars is at present commanded by Col. Briez, a dashing soldier, whose value is well known in military circles. It is stationed at Pont a-Mousson, and forms the extreme advance guard of the French army, within sight of the City of Metz.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Patrick T. M'Grath, of Omaha, Neb., formerly of Chicago, has gone to Hot Springs, Ark., for his health. He expects to sojourn there for the next three months.

J. D. O'Leary, of this city, ticketed the following persons to Europe this week: Mr. John Bruff, Miss Helena Hybersted, Rudolph A. Bergier, of Butte City, Mont., to Eti Matableland, South Africa, per steamship "Servia." Miss Julia Birdstedt, Miss Christina Peterson, Miss Mary Farrell, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hall, Miss Mamie Hall, per steamship "Alaska," on the 29 h inst. Mr. and Mrs. O.D. Holland, of Lacon, Ill., per steamship "Werra." Mr. Earnest E Edwards, of Vancouver, B C, per "City of Chicago." Mrs. Jane McWilliams and Miss M A. Roberts, both of London, and Miss A. Black, of Momence, Ill., per "Aurania," May 3.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

SAD ACCIDENT.

While working at the Royal Oak quarry, situated a few miles from Leighlin Bridge, a workman named Byrne met with a very sad fate. It appears at the time of the occurrence the Carlow and Islands hounds were to be seen from the summit of the quarry, and, anxious to see the hunt, he left his work and went to the embankment, which gave way, and precipitated him into the quarry, one hundred feet below. The injuries he received were terrible and he died on the way home.

DIED FROM BLOOD POISONING.

A very sad misadventure has occurred in Navin to Dr. John P. Nicolls, aged 35 years, which has since cost him his life. An inquest was about to be held by Mr. Reilly, coroner for county Meath, on the remains of a woman whose death was caused, as alleged, by violent means, and the coroner gave an order that a post mortem should be made. In carrying out the details of the post mostem, Dr Nicolls gave himself a slight cut in the hand, to which, at the time, he attached but slight importance. Blood poisoning shortly afterwards set in, and the unfortunate gentleman died.

LEINSTER BANK.

A branch of the Munster and Leinster Bank was openen on Monday week in Maryborough.

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

On Monday week an application was made to the grand jury of Wicklow for a baronial guarantee to enable the Meath Industrial School Committee to borrow £3,500 for the rebuilding of the Bray Protestant Industrial School for Girls. The grand jury decided to grant the application if the sureties were satisfactory, and the question of the sureties was then adjourned to the next assizes.

PROTESTANT HOME RULE ASSOCIATION.

Mr. C. H. Oldham, secretary of the Protestant Home Rule Association, has returned to Dublin after an extended campaign in England, having addressed no fewer than twenty-three meetings between the 31 and 28th of March. A series of meetings was held in each of the constituencies of South Hunts, North Beds, Southeast Cornwall, and the Tavistock division of Devonshire. In Mr. Smith-Barry's constituency Mr. Oldham visited every district except three, the meetings in which had to be postponed in consequence of the death and funeral of the Duke of Manchester, who resided in the division. He also fulfilled engagements in Tunbridge, Wells, Bristol, Plymouth, Chippenham and Hornsey. The after result of the explosion of the *Times* charges by the special commission appears to be that the constituencies are concentrating attention directly on the home rule question and the possible effects of Mr. Gladstone's policy on the minority in Ireland is practically the only topic on which the still doubtful voters require enlightenment. Consequently the demands on the Protestant Home Rule Association for speakers were never more numerous.

SUDDEN DEATH AT ATHLONE.

On April 3 an inquest was held at Athlone, before Dr. Kerrigan, M. D., coroner for the county of Westmeath, on the remains of a respectable woman named Mrs. mary Hagans, who died very suddenly at Athlone that morning. The deceased was about entering Franciscan church to attend eight o'clock mass when she fell, and on being lifted she was found to be quite dead. Dr. M. Shanley deposed that death resulted from heart disease, and the jury returned a verdict accordingly.

MUNSTER.

EVICTED.

On March 20 John Harding, sheriff's officer, Cork, with a party of bailiffs, accompanied by District Inspector Ball and about thirty police from Fermoy, Mitchelstown, Rathcormac and other places, proceeded to the residence of Patrick Shinnick, poor law guardian, Deerpark, Castlelyons, and evicted him. Every offer made by the tenant towards a settlement was rejected.

TIMOTHY CURRAN.

The grand jury for the South Riding of Tipperary have allowed Sergeant Tim Curran £100 for injuries sustained while conveying Dr. Tanner, M. P., to prison on July 29 last. He stated that he received a blow of a stone on the forehead, which knocked him senseless, and that he still suffered from the effects of the blow. The claim was for £300.

CORN MERCHANTS.

Messrs. White Bros., of Waterford, the greatest corn merchants in the South of Ireland, have disposed of their business to Messrs. Hall & Co., of Dublin, Belfast and Cork.

A WOMAN BITTEN BY A RAT.

On Tuesday evening a young woman named Mary O'Connell was admitted into the North Infirmary, Cork, suffering from a severe rat bite. It appeared she retired to her bed rather early the previous night, and shortly afterwards her parents, hearing screams proceeding from her bed room, rushed in and found a large rat having a hold on their daughters nose. After some time they managed to drive the rat off. She was immediately conveyed to the infirmary, where the wound was cauterized. She is still detained in the hospital.

SENT TO JAIL

On March 26, at Tipperary, a young lad named Mornan was sent to jail for one month for intimidation of a fish hawker, named Ellen Keys, to prevent her from selling fish to the servant of one of the police barracks. The intimidation consisted in the defendant's having remarked to another boy, in the hearing of Mrs Keys, that the purchaser was buying fish for the police, and that she was boycotted.

ON TRIAL FOR MURDER.

Chief Baron Palles, in opening the county Tipperary assizes at Clonmel, on March 20, said that with the exception of the town of Tipperary and a small district near Mullinahone, the county is in a very satisfactory condition. Patrick Dillon was put on trial for the murder of his father, Dennis Dillon, at Mullinahone, on Feb. 13, 1888. It will be remembered that when the body was exhumed, the condition of the coffin led to the rumor that the man had been buried alive. The chief witness yesterday was an army deserter, who stated that the prisoner had beaten the deceased with a spade the night before he died, but the medical evidence was to the effect that Dillon had died from natural causes.

IRISH FISHERIES

The report of the Inspectors of Irish Fisheries on the drainage of the Shannon has been published. The inspectors think that the works at Lough Allen and Killaloe will have an injurious effect on salmon and trout fishing in the Shannon, as the excavations will destroy the spawning beds. The continuation of the works to Battle Bridge would also destroy spawning grounds. With regard to the second portion of the question, the majority of the works above Athlone, as far as they could judge, would not be injurious.

CHARGED WITH CAUSING DEATH.

On March 25 at Borrisoleigh Petty Sessions, a man named Patrick Grant was charged with causing the death of Patrick Burke, Ballybay, a road contractor, who succumbed on March 17 to injuries to the head, inflicted three days previously. Evidence was given that ill-feeling arising out of business, rivelries existed between the two men. On the 14th they drove home together in the sam car with another man from Nenagh fair. Burke was discovered on the road injured and covered with blood. The prisoner was committed for trial on the capital charge.

STRIKE POSTPONED.

The partial strike in Messrs. Matterson's bacon factory in Limerick, which was postponed for a few days by the men in order to preserve the bacon partially cured in the store, has now been finally abandoned, in response to an appeal by Bishop O'Dwyer, his lordship promising to see the men fairly treated.

QUAY PORTERS STRIKE.

The quay porters employed by the Waterford Steam Shipping Company have struck work, and bills have been posted up inviting the services of twenty men to act in their places. The porters communicated to the directors their demands for a ten hours day and 6d per hour for overtime, but the latter refused to consider their case.

COLLAPSE OF A REMOVABLE.

During the trial of James O'Brien at Castlemartyr coercion court an amusing incident occurred which is worthy of mention. In the midst of the proceedings Removable Gardiner fell back off his chair and disappeared at once from public gaze. This sudden collapse occasioned a shock in court. The countenances of the professional men visibly paled and the police looked dumbfounded. However, in an exceedingly short space of time Mr. Gardiner was up again, looking remarkably robust. Then "secret laughter tittered round the place." Mr. Gardiner had overbalanced himself on a rickety old chair and tumbled.

CONNACHT.

FOUNDATION STONE LAID

The foundation stone of the new Diocesan College, Sligo, was laid on Sunday by the Most Rev. Dr. Gillooly, who is now fully restored to health. The new building, the estimated cost of which is £20,000, will occupy a commanding and healthy site on the western side of the town close to the cathedral and bishop's residence. The contractor, Mr. Dennis McLynn, Sligo, hopes to have the work completed in two years. The people of the diocese have subscribed handsomely to the college fund, several of the leading merchants putting their names down for £100 each.

CASTLEBAR ASYLUM

The office of Resident Medical Superintendent in the Castlebar asylum has become vacant by the transfer of Dr. O'Neill to Limerick. Considerable interest is felt in West Mayo in the appointment of Dr. O'Neill's successor. Although the ex resident superintendent was a Catholic there are reports to the effect that a non-Catholic is likely to get the post.

RELEASED FROM JAIL.

On Tuesday week Mr. J. P. Gordon, of Castlebar, was released from this jail after a term of six months' imprisonment for alleged intimidation. Mr. Gordon was presented with an address by a deputation of Tullamore Town Commissioners and National League, represented by Rev. P. O'Reilly, C. C, president; Messrs. Constantine Quirk, C. T. C.; William Adams ex-C. T. C.; J. Sheil, and J. J. Comerford, secretary I. N. L.

THREE MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT.

Timothy Clarke, P. L. G., a prominent member of the Woodford Tenants' Defense Association, appeared at the petty sessions court April 3, presided over by Messrs. Hickson and Rogers, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for refusing to pay an alleged surcharge voted by him in his capacity as guardian of the Portumna Union to the evicted tenants of Lord Clanricarde. All the prominent Nationalists in Loughrea district were in court, and afterwards, from the police station, gave him a hearty cheer on his road to Galway jail.

REMANDED TEN TIMES

On April 3, at the star chamber inquiry held at the courthouse, Ballinasloe, before Mr. Shannon, B. L, R. M., Patrick McDermot, of Woodford, and — Goonan, were again brought up on remand for the purpose of examination as witnesses under the 6th section of the Explosive Act of 1883. Mr. M. T. Brady, solicitor, Ballinasloe, applied to Mr. Shannon for permission to appear for Mr. McDermott, but the application was refused on the grounds that the section of the act did not provide that a witness was entitled to professional assistance, there being no party accused. Mr. McDermott refused to answer any questions, and was committed to Galway prison again, this being the tenth time.

SALMON FISHING.

The first salmon caught this season, in Drumkeeran, was taken on Saturday, March 22, by Martin Higgins. It was a splendid fish, weighing about nine pounds. The salmon fishing of the locality is rapidly declining, and, if the present state of affairs continues, will soon be a thing of the past.

A BRILLIANT VICTORY.

Messrs. Dolan & McGuinness, the Nationalist Guardians of Manorhamilton Union have won a brilliant victory over bailiff Porteus, the agent of the local landlords. Both gentlemen have been reelected by large majorities against the most strenuous efforts of the Tories—among their supporters being a large number of Protestants.

APPOINTED COMMISSIONER.

Mr. H. C. Larminie, of the Castlebar Poor Law Union, Castlebar, has been appointed a commissioner for administering oaths in the High Court of Justice in Ireland.

CONSTABLES ARRESTED.

On March 27 two police constables, named Dennis Murphy and Bernard Quinn, were arrested and lodged in Castlebar jail on a charge of seriously assaulting a man named Walsh, who is now in the County Infirmary.

INDICTED FOR MURDER.

At the Galway assizes, Thomas Mahon, a public house keeper, was indicted for the wilful murder at Carna, Connemara, of the infant child of a woman named Margaret (or Peggy) Joyce. The case had been adjourned from the last assizes. Margaret Joyce was also arraigned separately, on a charge of complicity in the murder of the infant. The jury found in the case of Mahon, and also in that of Margaret Joyce, a verdict of concealment of birth, and each of the prisoners was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment with hard labor.

ULSTER.

THREATENED HIS SERGEANT.

At the petty sessions Tuesday week a man named Martin Walsh, a constable in the R. I. C., was charged with threatening to shoot his sergeant, David Walsh, at Ballinary station. It was argued by the solicitor for the accused that as he had resigned his position in the constabulary the criminal charge should not be proceeded with, but the prosecutors declined to take the responsibility of such a course. The evidence was to the effect that on March 26 defendant was observed to take a revolver from the rack in the barracks and say that he would do away with himself. He had recently been reported for breach of discipline. He drew the attention of a fellow constable to the revolver, saying, "That is Davy Walsh's friend. Go up for him now and I'll do for him." Their worships decided, taking all the circumstances into account, to refuse informations.

NEW RAILWAY STATION.

The new railway station which the Great Northern Railway Company is erecting at Warrenpoint is rapidly approaching completeon. The roof is almost completed on the entire block of buildings, which measure about 175 feet in length. The range comprises a large central hall.

MR. KNOX ELECTED.

On March 26, in the town of Cavan, Mr. Edmund Francis Vesey Knox, barrister at law, was ellected unopposed for West Cavan, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Bigger. Mr. Knox was nominated by three papers, the first of which was signed by the Most Rev. Dr. McGennis, Catholic bishop of Kilmore, and Mr. John Gannon, J. P., the Chairman of the Cavan Town Commissioners, and the names appended to the others were of men all intimately identified with the Nationalist cause, with one notable exception, in the case of a leading Protestant of the district, who showed his love of toleration by becoming one of the supporters of Mr. Knox. After the election, in the hall of the courthouse, Rev. Father Teevan introduced Mr. Knox to an enthusiastic assemblage, who greeted their new member with a hearty cheer. Mr. Knox thanked them for the reception they had given him, and for the confidence which they had reposed in him by returning him unopposed. He said the priests and people of Cavan—from their respected bishop downwards—had all shown him a hospitality, and given him a ready welcome that he should always remember with the utmost gratitude. He thought it was a very remarkable fact that, including himself, there were now eleven members of the Irish party who were Protestants, or nearly four times as many Protestants representing Catholic constituencies as there were, according to Mr. T. W. Russell, members of the loyalist party who were not "dead heads." Rev. John Boylan, P. P., Crosserlough, and Mr. M. McCartan, M. P., also spoke. Mr. Knox and Mr. McCartan left Cavan by the five o'clock train, and at night both addressed a large meeting of the Belfast Young Ireland Society, the newly elected member being warmly received.

LIBEL CASE.

The hearing of the libel case brought by Mr. J. E. O'Doherty, M. P., against the *Derry Journal* concluded on March 26. The jury found for Mr. O'Doherty £50 damages.

MR. HENRY PLEWS.

The secretaryship of the Great Northern Railway, till lately filled by Mr. J. P. Culverwell, has been accepted by Mr. Henry Plews, traffic manager of the north western branch of the system. The general manager has not yet been named.

RETURNED UNOPPOSED.

On March 25, Mr. James A. Rentoul, of Great Queen's street, Westminster, London, barrister at law, was returned, unopposed, for East Down. His nomination papers were signed by both Whigs and Conservatives. Lord Arthur Hill was present at the nomination, which took place at Downpatrick.

ONE OF THOSE PROPHESIES.

An old Irish prophecy declares that when an O'Doherty rules in Derry and an O'Donnell in Raphoe, Ireland will be free. Old Irish prophesies have been now verified by events, and it is certainly curious that Dr. O'Doherty has just been consecrated Bishop of the diocese of Derry in St. Eugene's Cathedral, Londonderry, and that the preacher on the occasion was Dr. O'Donnell, the Bishop of Raphoe.

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NEW TIPPERARY OPENED.

The Great Irish Demonstration a Pronounced Success.

LONDON, April 12.—Owing to the late arrival of Messrs. O'Brien and Davitt and the English visitors the ceremonies attending the opening of the town of New Tipperary were delayed until the afternoon. Deputies from all parts of Ireland attended, but, owing to some neglect in notifying the people the attendance of farmers from the outlying districts was smaller than had been expected. Messrs. Picton, Stewart, Brunner, Leake, and Schwann, members of parliament, Lady Sandhurst, Countess Shack, the Misses Orme and Bryant, Mrs. Davitt, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby, and others arrived with Mr. O'Brien and other Irish members of parliament. A procession was formed, with the visiting mayors in full regalia and the members of municipal councils in uniform at the head. Accompanied by bands of music and with flags and banners flying the paraders marched from Limerick Junction to New Tipperary. The scene was one of great enthusiasm. The houses were gaily decorated with flags and evergreens, and pictures of Gladstone, Parnell, O'Brien, Davitt, Emmet, and other patriots were everywhere displayed. Upon arriving at a platform which had been erected opposite the mart the procession halted. A meeting was promptly organized, with Canon Cahill in the chair. After a few words by the lord mayor of Dublin, Mr. Davitt was introduced. He was greeted with loud cheers. He said that the first care of the evicted tenants had been to provide for their poorer brethren. That fact would redound to the honor of the Irish name and to the advantage of the national cause. He was proud to join in the welcome to the English visitors.

Mr. O'Brien was the next speaker. He said he was delighted to find himself again in the thick of the fight. The scene they were now witnessing had no parallel in the history of Ireland. In eloquent terms he described the people's triumph in this struggle which had roused the whole Irish race. When the national fight was ended it would be their proudest thought that the men of Tipperary had risked their homes and property, their liberties and lives, "for justice and this dear old land." He concluded by declaring the mart open and praying that God would bless the people and save Ireland.

After several other speeches had been made an adjournment was taken for luncheon. A grand banquet was given this evening, at which 600 guests were present. The banquet was held in the new William O'Brien Arcade, which was prettily decorated. Mr. Schwann proposed a toast to "The Prosperity of New Tipperary." On Mr O'Brien rising to respond to the sentiment, the company sang "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Mr. O'Brien said if he lived a thousand years he would never be able to repay the kindness he received. He was fatigued and was unable to express the thoughts that swelled from his heart. The bare announcement that Englishmen were coming, had sent a shiver through the coercion garrison of Tipperary. Balfour was on his best behavior. He would keep the police from committing brutalities until the visitors had left. Balfour did not dare to discuss this Tipperary question before any free audience of English, Scotch, or Welshmen. If Balfour could obtain their verdict in his favor he (O'Brien) would come and ask the people of Tipperary to haul down their flag and make peace with the coercionists.

Mr. John O'Connor, member of parliament for South Tipperary, offered a toast in honor of the visitors.

The greatest enthusiasm was manifested throughout, and the whole affair was a grand success.

◆

Lismore Convent Schools.

The drawing in aid of the Schools of the Presentation Sisters, of Lismore, county Waterford, Ireland, is unavoidably delayed until May 1. Returns from the tickets sent out have not been made in time to hold the drawing on the date originally named, April 15. These tickets have only been sent to former residents of the diocese of Waterford and Lismore, or persons who by descent have some affiliations with it. Its success ought to be a matter of local pride to all concerned. The drawing on May 1 will be in charge of J. J. Fitzgibbon, Esq., Presiddent Calumet National Bank, South Chicago; Capt. William Buckley, Hyde Park; Mr. M. P. Evans, No 3545 Portland avenue, and Mr. Robert Keating, No 3057 South Halsted street. Tickets can be had of any of the above, or of James Crottie, THE CITIZEN office.

◆

MATRIMONIAL.

SEXTON-POWERS.

Mr. Laurence Sexton and Miss Johanna Powers were united in marriage at St James' church, on Wednesday, April 9, Father McGuire performing the sacred ceremony. Mr. Sexton was accompanied by his best man, Mr. Michael Powers, a well known and popular West Side Irish Nationalist; and the bride was accompanied by her young friend, Miss Ella Walsh. The young and happy couple are natives of the county that has within its precincts the historic Plains of Ossory—Mrs. Sexton having came from there quite recently, and she well sustains the reputation for beauty and attractiveness enjoyed by the fair daughters of beautiful Kilkenny. Mr. Sexton, who is a loyal adherent of the true principles of Irish Nationalism, is well and favorably known in the community. He is now the recipient of much congratulation on having secured so charming and accomplished a partner, who is, like himself—

> "Kindly Irish of the Irish,
> Neither Saxon nor Italian."

Mr. and Mrs. Sexton are residing at No. 1030 West Twelfth Street boulevard, and will be happy to receive visits from their intimate friends. That their married life may be attended with uninterrupted happiness and pleasure is the wish of all their acquaintances.

J.W.M.

John F. Finerty's Book,

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OR THE
CONQUEST OF THE SIOUX,"

Will be Ready for Shipment or Delivery to Subscribers on Saturday. All who desire to have Early Copies of the Book should send in their orders at once to the Author and Publisher.

The book will comprise two parts in one octavo volume of over 460 pages, with Map and Illustrations. It will be issued in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $2 per volume. The book will contain the most exciting narratives of the Great Indian Wars of 1876 and 1879 ever published, and will be a valuable memento of American valor and endurance, and of Indian ferocity and prowess, in every household. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable. The volume will be brought out in the very best style by the printers and binders, Messrs Donohue, Henneberry & Co., of this city.

In addition to the table of contents already announced, Mr. Finerty's book will include an account of Gen. Miles' battles with Lame Deer and Chief Joseph, in 1877; and also a sketch of Gen. George A. Forsyth's celebrated fight, against overwhelming numbers of Indians, on the forks of the Republican river; Gen. George A. Custer's great victory over the celebrated Indian chief, Black Kettle, at the Washita, etc. The frontispiece will be a fine copy of Prof. Mulvany's celebrated painting, commemorative of the battle of the Little Big Horn, "Custer's Last Rally"; and the portraits will include splendid likenesses of Gens. Crook, Custer, Miles, Merritt, Gibbon, and Carr, and the more prominent battalion and scout commanders of the American army. The pictures of Sitting Bull, Rain-in-the Face, Gall, the far-famed scout, Gruard, and others, are the most striking and characteristic ever presented to the American public. Now is the time to "Rally round the Flag!"

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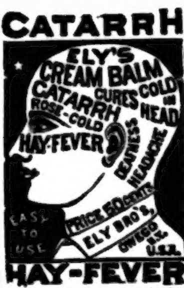

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A SISTER'S LOVE.

A sister's love! a love that knows
No earthly stain, no selfish part,
A love pure as the love that glows
In heaven within an angel's heart;
For you in early morning light,
For you in silence of the night,
Its prayers go up to heaven above—
This is a sister's love.

A love that if you faint and fall
Beneath the burden of your cross,
Will share your griefs and sorrows all,
And help you to retrieve the loss;
A love all patient to endure,
A love forever strong and sure,
Yet meek and gentle as a dove—
This is a sister's love.

A love that as the years go by,
And age and days of pain draw near,
Still like a star that shines on high
Will shine upon you pure and clear;
A love no absence can estrange,
A love no time can chill or change,
Or from its deep foundation shove—
This is a sister's love.

A love that still will live when this
Brief life has like a vision passed;
When you shall sit enthroned in bliss
In your celestial home at last,
A love that will unchanging be
Through all a glad eternity—
Part of that blessed life above—
This is a sister's love.
—Constantina E. Brooks in Home Journal.

OLD UNCLE BILL.

Any one who visited Mr. Norris at his fine place on the Hudson would be sure to notice, after a while, an old man who wandered about the place dressed all summer in a white shirt and linen vest and trousers and a fisherman's hat, and all winter in a woolen dressing gown. He was a meek, tall, bald old man, and people at first took him for a superannuated old servant; but, finally, his nice linen, his neat hands, and a certain well bred tone of voice, if, by chance, they heard him speak, made them ask:

"Who is that?"

If they inquired of Miss Belle, the eldest unmarried daughter, she would answer:

"An old connection of poor mamma's. I can't see why pa has him here—horrid thing!"

If they asked Mr. Norris' maiden sister, she would reply:

"One of the blessings my late sister-in-law brought with her into the family. A miserable ne'er-do-weel of a relation."

If the question were propounded to pompous Mr. Norris, as he sat in his armchair on his piazza, or drove about his property in one of his handsome vehicles, he would answer:

"Well, that's a sort of a relation of my wife's, a ne'er-do-weel. The black sheep of the flock, you know. Always is one in every family. For her sake—she was a very benevolent woman—we let him stay about. He prefers eating by himself. He's very stupid, very; but she wanted him here, and she had her way, poor soul. I grudged her nothing. Yes, that's poor Bill."

But if it was Miss Phemie of whom the question was asked she always answered:

"Why, that is Uncle Bill. He's a little eccentric, but the dearest old soul. I'm very, very fond of him, and he of me. Dear old Uncle Bill!"

Certainly Phemie was the old man's only friend in that pompous household. She it was who went up to his little room with his meals and sat with him while he ate them; who saw that he had the newspaper and his pipe; who had fixed that little out of the way place with a pretty carpet, book shelves, a student's lamp, lots of pretty ornaments in worsted and painted silk; who never received her monthly allowance without buying something for him.

His pretty, snow white shirts were her gift, and she saw that they were "done up" properly. The flannel dressing gown he wore in winter was of her contrivance. In fact, up in that dormer roofed room there were hours that were more homelike than any spent in the great parlors, or the big dining room, where Miss Belle was only affectionate to "pa" when she wanted him to give her more money to spend; and Miss Norris, the elder sister of the master of the house, made bitter speeches in the pauses of the needle work in which she was perpetually engaged. Sometimes directed at her brother, sometimes at Belle, sometimes at Phemie, but all worded so circumspectly and clothed in such a guise of piety that no one dared resent them.

"What a comfort you are, Uncle Bill," Phemie would say, as she poured out the old man's coffee.

"And what a comfort you are, Phemie," old Uncle Bill would say. "If I was a rich uncle, just home from India, like those in plays and novels, you couldn't make more of me."

"I shouldn't make so much, uncle," Phemie would answer, "for you'd be a victim of liver complaint, and that would make you ill natured, and you'd scold me and say naughty words. They all do, you know. Now you haven't any money or stocks to worry about, like poor pa; and you're not irritable, and I like to be with you. You're like mamma, too. You have her eyes."

"You are sister Susan's image," the old man would say. "Do you remember the day that you came to the hospital with her?"

"Yes," said Phemie. "I was just 12 years old and mamma was crying over the telegram. 'My only brother, Phemie,' she said. 'So sick that he may die, and so poor that he's in a hospital.' Then we came and I saw you in bed, and after a while we brought you home and ma nursed you well again."

"And died herself, just as I got about," said Uncle Bill. "And your father and the rest did not like a shabby old man around the house. Well, I was lucky to get a home I suppose, and luckier still to find such disinterested love as yours. You're like Susan. She was the dearest girl that ever lived. Yes, you're like Susan."

But they did not always talk thus. They were very busy often, over books; over Phemie's embroidery, for which he designed patterns; teaching her little dog a thousand tricks; feeding the blind kitten Phemie saved from drowning; making a little well, from which the canary drew buckets of water. And Phemie and the old man would wander off to the river side, where he would fish, seldom catching anything, and she would read or knit.

None of the family knew of these intimacies. Belle, older than Phemie by six years, preferred that she should consider herself a child until Miss Norris was married. And Aunt Marcia detested her for her resemblance to the sister-in-law who "had never been congenial."

No one in the house knew, but some one not of the household did, and shared at times in them.

Sometimes, when the old man's rod dangled over the water, a younger angler would take his place near him—a handsome young fellow with black hair and the brightest eyes in the world; and then the hours went by like hours in a dream, and Phemie felt happy as she had felt when a child by her mother's side. And Uncle Bill laughed and told fishermen's stories. As for the young man, silent or talkative, he was always charming. So thought Phemie. She was 17; she had never had a lover. She was well read in romantic lore. What happened was only to be expected. In a little while two lovers sat beside old Uncle Bill on the banks of the pretty stream, and walked together as far as the little gate in the hedge that nobody else used, and did not hide from the old man that they parted with a kiss.

Fred Howard was not a fashionable man, only the son of a poor widow who had made a bookkeeper of her boy. What holidays he had he spent at home. This was his midsummer vacation; he was bright, and good, and handsome, but Mr. Norris surely would have had other views for his youngest daughter.

And so, one day, as the two, having met accidentally on the road, were talking together, with an expression on either face that made an old country lady who drove past remark to her husband: "Hiram, take my word for it, them's beaus," Mr. Norris marched up behind the pair, and appeared like a very florid ghost between them, with an:

"I was not aware, Mr. Howard, that you had ever been introduced to my daughter!"

The young man blushed, but answered: "But I have, sir—by my friend, her uncle."

"Oh!" replied Mr. Norris, lowering his tone a little. "Then you know my brother, Mr. Whipple Norris, in the city? He is a relative I am proud of—worth half a million if he is a cent."

"I often heard of Mr. Whipple Norris," replied the young man frankly; "but I owe my introduction to Miss Phemie Norris to her Uncle William—ah—ah." The young man suddenly remembered that he did not know Uncle Bill's last name.

"Her Uncle William!" repeated Mr. Norris. "Euphemia, does young Howard allude to your poor mother's unfortunate brother Bill?"

Phemie bowed her head.

"Young Howard!" repeated Mr. Norris. "That person has no authority to introduce my daughter. Consider yourself a stranger to her henceforth."

Phemie looked at Fred. Fred looked at Phemie.

"It is too late, sir," the latter said. "I love your daughter, and have won her heart. She has promised to be my wife."

Mr. Norris stared at him, lifted his eyebrows; stared again through his double eyeglass, and spoke sternly:

"I have one daughter who is a credit to me. Lord McTab paid great attention to her last winter. He has written to ask my consent to their nuptials, which I shall give, and he will return in fall to be married to her. An English nobleman would hardly like a brother-in-law who makes, perhaps, twenty dollars a week. My eldest daughter, Mrs. Timpkins Trotter, has married a gentleman who is esteemed the wealthiest man in Mineville. My son is with my brother in New York—a man I am proud of. Now I shall never make a fuss about Phemie. I only tell you this: If she marries you I disown her. You can take her if she chooses. I shall never give her a penny. She may have her clothes and trinkets and go. If she obeys me she shall be, married or single, well provided for. She is plain and unprepossessing; but I know a young clergyman who will attain eminence who only needs my permission to propose. She might do very well with a proper portion for him. She has a thick waist, a large mouth and ordinary features," continued Mr. Norris, turning his eyeglass on his daughter, "but a clergyman should not look for beauty."

"She is the prettiest girl I know, and if I may earn her bread and butter I can do it," said Fred Howard. "You give her to me, sir?"

"No," replied Mr. Norris. "She may give herself to you if she chooses to be a beggar."

Then he walked away.

As Phemie and Fred stood looking at each other old Uncle Bill's head arose above the shrubbery.

"I give my permission," he said, with more than usual dignity; "and I am her mother's brother. I think you will make her happy, young Fred Howard."

The maiden aunt and the sister, who was to be the bride of an Englishman, led Phemie a sad life of it for a while; but one morning she walked out of her home in her simple church going costume, and was married in the little chapel of St. John. Old Uncle Bill, in his old fashioned broadcloth suit, went with them, and gave the bride away. Mrs. Howard was there, and a school friend of Phemie's, and a fellow clerk of Fred's. None of the Norris family. And after the wedding they were to go upon a little trip. Phemie's trunks had been sent to Fred's mother's little house. The bride was not as happy as she might have been under other circumstances, but at home no one had ever loved or considered her since her mother's death; and Fred loved her, and she loved him. Her only trouble was that she must leave old Uncle Bill.

"That is hard," the old man said, "very hard, Phemie." And then Fred held out his hand.

"Uncle Bill," he said, "we shall live in a very plain way, but if you will live with us we will do our best to make you happy and shall be happy ourselves."

"Will you be so, boy?" cried Uncle Bill. "A poor old man like me—eh! really?"

"Really!" cried Phemie, dancing with joy.

"Really and truly, heaven knows!" And Fred grasped his hand and shook it. "You brought us together, Uncle Bill," he said.

"It's lucky," answered Uncle Bill, "for Brother-in-law Norris has turned me out of his house for aiding and abetting you—told me that I might be town poor if I liked. I didn't, but I just said: 'Very well; I'll go.'"

"I'll get your things and take them to mother's," said Fred. "You'll be company for her while we're gone; after that, one home for all of us."

Then the old man looked at them with a smile; looked at Mrs. Howard with another, and laughed his sweet, good natured laugh.

"You're two good, honest, generous children," he said. "And you're Fred's mother, ma'am. But I've an explanation to make. Five years ago my sister Susan heard that I was sick and at a hospital, and took me to her house. She nursed me back to tolerable health, and was very good to me. Then, sweet angel, she died. She thought that being in a hospital meant poverty. I was paying fifty dollars a week there. I have a fortune that even Mr. Norris would respect, but seeing what he was, I took a fancy that I'd find out what his children were. I have. I've lived about the place as old Uncle Bill, a poor relation. I wasn't wanted, even at table. I was despised by all but Phemie. She, dear little soul, has been a daughter to me. I told now Sister Susan the truth on her death bed, and promised to do my best by this sweet girl; and my money has been growing under good care for five years. Why, had I been the beggar they thought me, I'd have gone to an almshouse rather than eat Norris' bread all these years. As it was, I enjoyed the joke. To think how he would have respected me if he had known the truth. How he scorned me for being poor, when I was a wealthy man; but let all that pass; we are happy together and what need we care?"

There was great excitement at the Norris mansion when the news reached its inhabitants, and Mr. Norris sent a formal forgiveness to his daughter.

She was a good girl and felt glad that this was so, but she only began to know what real happiness was in the home where she and those who truly loved her lived contentedly together for many long and pleasant years.—Mary Kyle Dallas in New York Ledger.

Determined to Get Served.

The Brazilian nabob, Baron Fereau, was as miserly in trifles as he was extravagant in other directions. It was one of his peculiarities not to fee servants, and the waiters at the various hotels at which he sojourned were for that reason not partial to him. One morning, while staying at the magnificent Maux hotel in Rio de Janeiro, he came down to breakfast and ordered a cutlet. After he had eaten it he ordered a second.

"Baron," said the head waiter, maliciously, "it's a custom with us never to serve the same course twice at a meal."

"Is that so?" said Fereau, and rising from his chair he left the room.

In ten minutes he came back into the dining room. "Waiter," said he, "I have just bought this hotel, and am master here now. As you will not be able to get accustomed to my plan of serving the guests according to their wishes, you are dismissed at once." Thereupon he took up his napkin again and called to another waiter:

"Now bring me another cutlet."—Philadelphia Times.

Goldfish Have Fun with the Turtle.

Fishes are not ordinarily supposed to be gifted with any great amount of intelligence, but an incident which occurred in a Washington home proves that they have a keen sense of humor and are fond of practical joking. One of the young women of the house in question has for pets a baby mud turtle and several goldfishes. The turtle is frequently placed in the same tank with the fish. The other day he lay floating on the surface of the water asleep, and with his four feet out.

The goldfish saw in this a good chance to play a trick on Mr. Turtle, and, after putting their heads together a few minutes, they divided into four groups, and, seizing his feet in their months, dragged him to the bottom of the tank. When awakened by his sudden immersion, he had considerable difficulty in shaking himself free from his tormentors. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the fishes had some means of communicating their ideas to each other, for it was plain to those who observed the incident that the trick was the result of preconcerted action.—Washington Critic.

Steam for Projecting Dynamite Shells.

The substitution of steam for compressed air in a gun intended to throw shells containing dynamite or other high explosives is proposed in France, the advantages claimed being the furnishing of power direct from the boiler, without the use of air compressing machinery. The pressures usually carried in steam boilers would not be sufficient for this purpose, but boilers are promised of a special type, which will supply steam at a pressure of from 600 to 800 pounds, and which will, at the same time, be safe and easily handled.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Can't Keep His Own Pictures.

Meissonier recently said to a lady who remarked, upon visiting his new house, that she missed pictures of his own from among the beautiful things with which he had adorned the rooms: "Ah, madame, they are too dear to allow me to keep them."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A short time before young Abraham Lincoln was taken sick with the malady from which he never recovered he wrote to a friend in Chicago: "There is no place like America for me. I long for a game of baseball with the boys."

A BRAVE MISSOURI BOY.

He Kills Two of a Gang of Ku-Klux Who Were Beating His Father.

DONIPHAN, Mo., April 15.—Two of a gang of four masked Ku-Klux who visited the residence of an old man named Holland, living on the Fike place, nineteen miles southwest of here, for the purpose of whipping him, were killed by Holland's 14 year-old son. Ed Gillam, Jr., one of those killed, was the son of a prominent and well-to-do farmer of that section. The other, Alex Gatewood, bore an unenviable reputation. Upon the arrival of Ku Klux at Holland's house one of the gang held the horses, while the others forced their way in the dwelling.

Opened Fire on Them.

They knocked the old man down and were kicking and beating him unmercifully when the boy opened fire on them with a double-barreled shotgun, killing Gillam. Gatewood attempted to shoot the boy, but his gun missed fire, and the lad emptied the contents of his second barrel into Gatewood's breast. The wounded man and his companions ran out of the house, but had not gone far when Gatewood fell. He lay there all night and was found in the morning, and died shortly afterward. The identity of the others is unknown. About six months ago Holland, who had been outspoken in his denunciations of the Ku-Klux, was taken from his bed and whipped in a most brutal manner.

"DOOM-SEALER'S" DAY.

The Threatened Cities Still Doing Business at the Old Stand.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 13.—According to the prophecy of Mrs. Woodworth, George Erickson, and several other revivalists, Monday was the day on which San Francisco and Oakland were to be destroyed by an earthquake and tidal-wave, and Chicago and Milwaukee were to suffer the same calamity. There has been no indication of any convulsions of nature here, but the "doom-sealers," as they have been termed, have evidently held their faith in prophecy up to the last moment. Hundreds of persons left Oakland for the high ground during the last week or two, and Monday they were encamped on the hills near Santa Rosa, St. Helena, and Vacaville, holding religious services and waiting for news of the destruction. Little attention was given to the warning at Chicago and Milwaukee.

Lawrence Barrett's Affliction.

CINCINNATI, O., April 15.—While in this city last week Edwin Booth, the tragedian, received a letter from Lawrence Barrett, now in Europe, which makes it appear improbable that the latter will ever again appear on the stage. The letter communicates the fact that the operation to which Mr. Barrett submitted last summer would not finally relieve him of the neck affliction for which it was undertaken as a last resort. The complaint has again manifested itself in enlargements in other parts of the body. This time the legs and arms are afflicted. One of the egs, Mr. Barrett states, is especially distorted with the tumors. However, he is not without hope of a cure.

Found the Leak in the Gas Pipe.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 15.—Gus Rosen, the proprietor of a drug store at Jefferson and Twenty-second streets, took a lighted candle into the cellar of his store Monday to search for a leak in a gas pipe, when a terrific explosion occurred, fatally injuring him. Fred Currans, a 14-year-old boy, was blown out into the street, and seriously injured about the head. Ernest Rosen, a brother of the proprietor, was also badly burned while rescuing his brother from the burning cellar.

Pretty Heavy Deal in Railways.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 15.—A very important railway deal has just been concluded by Mr. A. G. Yates, of this city. It includes the purchase of the controlling stock, which in the aggregate is over $12,000,000, of the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg railway, and $4,000,000 of the stock of the Rochester and Pittsburg Coal and Iron company. The controlling interest in the property has been sold by Mr. Adrian Iselin, of New York, to the firm of Bell, Lewis & Yates, of this city and Buffalo.

Novels Were His Ruin.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 15.—The body of William McGregor, aged 17 years, was found suspended by the neck from a rafter in Mrs. Johnston's boarding house, 165 Fifth avenue. Whether the boy deliberately committed suicide or whether he suspended himself as an experiment is not known. Young McGregor was an assiduous reader of 5-cent novels. On his person were found two—"The Boy Sheriff," or "The Regulators of Pico Valley," and "Cool Sam's Girl Pard."

An Excursion Train Water-Bound.

NEW ORLEANS, April 15.—Considerable excitement prevailed here, caused by the excursion train on the Illinois Central railroad, which left here at 7:30 Sunday morning, being unable to return to the city on account of overflow and washouts in the vicinity of Pass Manchael. This train had on board about 300 people, including many women and children. They arrived safely by coming via Jackson.

Threatened by Strikers.

JOLIET, Ills., April 15.—The employes of the Joliet crushed gravel works, mostly Polacks, struck last week for an increase of wages from $1.50 to $1.75 a day. Monday the strikers went to the works and warned the proprietors that they would burn the works and slug the new men if the works were started up with outsiders. The proprietors intend to start up under guard.

Drowned in Lake Erie.

TOLEDO, Ohio, April 15.—Harry Van Aiken and Louis Alexander, two well known young men of this city, started on a hunting expedition, and in the evening started from Point Place to Oleon island in a small duck boat. They were caught in a squall, and the boat capsized. Van Aiken was drowned and Alexander reached shore in an exhausted condition.

Death of Inventor Campbell.

NEW YORK, April 15.—Andrew Campbell, the well-known inventor and manufacturer of printing presses, was attacked by heart disease while on the street in Brooklyn. An ambulance was called out but Mr. Campbell died before he reached the hospital. He was 68 years of age.

They Favor Revision.

NEW YORK, April 15.—The New York Presbytery, in annual session in the Scotch Presbyterian church on Fourteenth street, have elected solid revision tickets of both ministers and elders, and of alternates for both classes, as delegates to the general assembly which is to meet in Saratoga, May 15.

The New York state canals cannot be opened before May 7, owing to continued wet weather, which has delayed improvements under way.

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POISONED PILLS THE WEAPONS.

A Remarkable Duel Between Two Frenchmen Who Were Rivals in Love.

A Parisian duel, which occasioned a great sensation at the time of its occurrence, was one between Henri Delagrave and Alphonso Riviere, the cause being the success of the former in wooing a young lady to whom they were both attached. Riviere insulted his successful rival by slapping him on the cheek, and it was agreed that a duel should take place in which the life of one should be ended.

The details were left to their seconds to arrange, and until they faced each other upon the field neither of the young men knew in what form they were to brave death. On the following morning four men met in a quiet wood. They were Riviere, with Monsieur Savalle, his second, Delagrave, who was accompanied by a doctor named Rocquet. The latter informed the rivals that Monsieur Savalle and himself had arrived at the decision that, in order to secure a fatal result to one of the principals, it would be best to leave out of the question swords and pistols, and to trust to the more sure action of a deadly poison.

As he spoke he drew from his pocket a little box, in which lay four black pellets, all exactly identical in shape and size.

"In one of these," he said, "I have placed a sufficient quantity of prussic acid to cause the almost instantaneous death of him who swallows it. Monsieur Savalle and I will decide by the toss of a coin which of you is to have the first choice, and you shall alternately draw and swallow a pill until the poison shows the effects."

While speaking the last words the doctor spun into the air a glittering gold piece, and as it fell Savalle cried "Tails." It fell with the head uppermost, and Savalle said:

"The first choice is yours, Monsieur Delagrave."

The two whose fate was contained in those innocent looking black balls had shown no signs of trepidation, while the doctor explained the awful preparations that he had made for the death of one of them; and Delagrave's face was perfectly impassive as he selected and washed down with a glass of claret one of the globules.

"And now, Monsieur Riviere," said the doctor.

Riviere extended his hand and took a pill, which he swallowed with as little appearance of concern as his opponent. A minute passed, two, three, and still the duelists stood motionless.

"It is your choice again, Monsieur Delagrave," said the doctor, "but this time you must swallow the pill at the same instant as Monsieur Riviere swallows the one you leave for him."

Delagrave paused for a moment, looking in silence at the two balls that lay before him. The closest scrutiny showed not the slightest difference between them; one was harmless, but in the other rested the pall of eternity—the silence and peace of that sleep that knows no awakening in this world.

With a start he drew his eyes from the box, and putting his finger and thumb into it, drew forth one of the remaining pills. Riviere took the solitary one remaining, and both men simultaneously gulped down their fate.

A few seconds passed without any perceptible movement on the part of either of them, and then Riviere threw up his hands, and, without a sound, fell flat upon the grass. He turned half round, gave one convulsive shudder, and, as his rival bent over him, breathed his last. The fair cause of this awful tragedy was so horrified over it that she refused to see Delagrave again, and the memory of those few minutes weighed so heavily upon him that he followed Riviere to the grave in a few months' time.—Glasgow Star.

A New Wild Horse.

The great Russian traveler, Prezevalsky, has discovered a new wild horse, more nearly allied to the domestic horse than any previously known species. Prezevalsky, on his return from Central Asia, brought with him one of these new species. The horse is described as having warts on his hind legs as well as on its fore legs, and has hard hoofs like the true horse. But the long hairs of the tail, instead of commencing at the base, do not begin until about half way down.—Exchange.

Only Natural.

Rubinstein was invited by the Princess Metternich to a soiree given by her at Vienna. When their lordships were about to depart the porter called the carriages in turn in the following manner: "Equipage for his excellency, Prince Esterhazy! Equipage for his excellency, Count Kolowrat!" and when Rubinstein appeared in the hall, muffled up in his furs, "Wagon for the piano player!"

Knocking Out a Waiter.

Erastus Gurley was in town and, as usual, proceeded to make his presence felt. He arrived about 10 a. m., and for a change dropped into a cafe for dinner. The obsequious waiter had just flicked a bit of lint from Mr. Gurley's coat collar when Mr. Gurley opened out on him.

"Yes," he said, glancing at the menu, "you may bring me some eggs blushing like Aurora."

"Beg pardon, sir," explained the waiter; "it's not on the bill."

"Isn't, eh? What's this—œufs a l'Aurore?"

"Oh, yes," replied the young man, blushing and shifting somewhat uneasily.

"And I feel just like having some breeches in the royal fashion, with velvet sauce."

The waiter turned red, white and blue.

"Got you again," chuckled Mr. Gurley. "Well, I suppose you call it culottes a la royale, sauce veloute."

"Oh, that! Yes, sir; yes, sir," and the waiter briskly rattled the cutlery around Mr. Gurley's plate as though he would fain drown Mr. Gurley's voice.

"Be sure you bring a stew of good Christians."

"Now you are joking," mildly expostulated the waiter, with a sickly smile.

"Not a bit of it, man. See here on your bill—compote de bons chretiens."

"O—ah—ugh," gulped the waiter.

"And don't forget the fountains of love."

"The—ah—I beg pardon."

"Right here on your menu—puits d'amour."

"Well, well," and the accompanying grin was ghastly.

"And a mouthful of ladies."

"Eh?"

"Bouche de dames— Quick, help—a glass of water—dash it in his face!"

But Mr. Gurley was too late. The waiter was in a dead swoon, almost in a cataleptic fit, from which he never recovered until along in the afternoon. As Mr. Gurley went out he inquired of the cashier if the waiters there understood French.

"Only by ear," answered the lightning change artiste, "which ear I couldn't inform you."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

West African Spiritual Beliefs.

By all the tribes of these three lingual groups the indwelling spirit is believed to afford some protection to man. It receives occasional thank offerings, and the anniversary of each individual's day of birth is held as a day sacred to the spiritual tenant. On this account the kra may be regarded in some respects as a guardian spirit, dwelling in the body of the man; but it is more than that. Its close connection with the man himself is indicated by the fact of its nocturnal adventures during its absence from the body being remembered by the man when he awakes.

The latter even feels physically the effects of his kra's actions; and when the negro awakes from sleep feeling stiff and unrefreshed, or with limbs aching from muscular rheumatism, he invariably attributes these symptoms to the fact of his kra having been engaged in some struggle or some severe toil. If, moreover, a man dreams of other men, he believes that his kra has met theirs; consequently the kra is held to have the outward appearance of the man whose body he tenants. Hence the kra is more than a mere tenanting or guardian spirit. He has, though doubtless only in a shadowy form, the very shape and appearance of the man; and both the mind and body of the latter are affected by and register the results of the kra's actions.—Maj. A. B. Ellis in Popular Science Monthly.

Frightened Off by a Parrot.

A burglar, while ransacking a house in Chicago, was greeted with a "Hello, there!" in a sepulchral voice from the gloom of a recessed corner. He stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once. A pet parrot had worked in its sole stock of English with admirable results. The burglar dropped a purloined overcoat in his haste to get away, but he subsequently recovered from his scare sufficiently to enter two other houses, where he secured several overcoats and $40 in money.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Raising Other Progeny.

We often read remarkable stories of motherless squirrels and rats being raised by sympathetic female cats, but in Tarrant county, Tex., an eagle raised a young pig that weighed over forty pounds. A short time previous the same eagle raised a small lamb. The eagle's wings measured nearly eight feet from tip to tip.—Texas Siftings.

The Society Mother's Duties.

Little Miss Avnoo—What is mammas for?

Little Miss De Fashion—Why, they is to scold the nurses when we make a noise.—New York Weekly.

WHAT CAUSES DISEASES.

MANY INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THEIR MINUTE GERMS.

What Bacteria Are and How and Where They Exist—An Idea of Their Size—Filth Is Their Nourishment—Double Their Numbers Every Hour.

With the name bacteria almost every one is familiar, but little, however, is actually known of them by the average non-professional; hence a brief description of them is likely to be of interest. Bacteria are minute organisms; in fact, they are the smallest of living forms. As one writer has said, they form the boundary line of life; beyond them life does not exist, so far, at least, as our present microscopic expedients reach, and these are not small. The strongest of our magnifying lenses, the immersion system of Hartman, give a magnifying power of from three thousand to four thousand diameters, and could we view a man under such a lens, he would appear as large as Mount Blanc or even Chimborazo. But even under this colossal amplification the smallest bacteria do not appear larger than the points and commas of a good print. These smallest bacteria may be compared with a man about as a grain of sand to Mount Blanc.

Bacteria assume many forms—there are about two hundred varieties now known. Some under the microscope appear as balls or eggs, others as rods of various length or as mere fibers, while yet others are of a spiral form, like corkscrews. The bodies consist of an almost colorless substance, in which numerous shining granules are imbedded. Under conditions unfavorable to them, bacteria are motionless, and certain kinds never appear to move, but where the conditions are favorable to them those which have motion are excessively lively.

PRESENT EVERYWHERE.

These little living forms are present everywhere the air reaches, but they swarm only where the temperature is favorable and there is plenty of nourishment. When there is decomposition, fermentation or putrefaction they develop in masses. The action of bacteria is seen in the following simple experiment: Put a piece of meat or a piece of any vegetable in a glass of water and let it stand. After a time the water will thicken up more or less, and then become milky. The milkiness is due to the bacteria which fill the water. When putrefaction is ended, and all the organic matter in whatever was put into the water has been consumed by the bacteria then the water clears up and loses entirely the offensive smell which it had. Without nourishment the bacteria are no longer active, nor are they developing as they were while putrefaction was going on. They sink to the bottom of the glass, and there as white sediment lie motionless. After a time they die.

As regards the activity with which bacteria multiply, many of them can double their numbers every hour when under the best conditions. When they do that then, Professor Law tells us, a single bacterium would in twenty-four hours produce no less than 16,777,220. At the end of forty-eight hours the number of offspring would number 281,500,000,000, and would fill a half pint measure, all produced from a single germ measuring 1-15,000 of an inch. "Fortunately, however, bacteria rarely so propagate themselves; they will meet with all sorts of drawbacks, and thus, in spite of their enormous fertility, the survivors are in general only enough to keep a fair balance in nature." But all bacteria do not multiply as rapidly as this: there are some which multiply very slowly—those which cause tuberculosis, for instance.

As already stated, bacteria exist everywhere the air reaches: like other living things, oxygen is essential to them. Where decaying matter abounds there are they to be found in the greatest numbers. On the tops of the highest mountains and in mid-ocean they exist, but it is in such places that their number is the smallest.

INFLUENCE ON HEALTH.

Since we live in swarms of these minute beings, and almost everything about us teems with them, we naturally ask what influence they have on health.

Science has conclusively proved that while many of the different forms of bacteria are practically harmless to men, here are some which seize upon him, and at times destroy him. It is known beyond all reasonable doubt that certain forms of bacteria produce certain diseases. Tuberculosis, for instance; there can scarcely be a question but that it is caused by special bacteria, and the most of the physicians of today will say that without these bacteria no tuberculosis; or, in other words, unless that peculiar form of bacteria is present in a lung, there cannot be consumption of it.

Then there is an anthrax, a malignant and fatal disease of certain animals, and identical with wool sorters' and ragpickers' disease; that we know to be caused by bacteria, for the same has been found and its identity established beyond all question.

The inference to be drawn from the foregoing is clear. All bacteria, be they harmless or do they threaten man, always swarm in the greatest numbers and multiply with the greatest rapidity where filth abounds; and the more filth the more bacteria. One can never be scot free from bacteria, but he can feel quite free from the harmful sort if he lives in pure air, with good surroundings, practices cleanliness, and has good water to drink and food to eat. Of course, disease germs may reach him even then, but he will have very little reason to fear them.—Boston Herald.

About Rats.

A professional rat catcher estimates the number of rats in the United States at five for every man, woman and child in the country. For every child born there are twenty-eight rats, and each rat brought to its death costs the people an average of four cents. He says that if every person in the land should set out to hunt rats for a month the number could not be reduced to less than 100,000,000.—Detroit Free Press.

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Columbia Court No 2—Thos Malley, C R, 24 Rumsey st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 8 Smart st, E D LeTourneau, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr J B Phelan, C P. Meet 1st Thursday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in McElroy's hall, corner Indiana and Paulina sts.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 132 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor Canalport av and Union st.

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Jacques Cartier Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; B Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st, T J Marner, F S, D M McKindley, Treas. Dr D Brsullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st. Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st. W J Erler, F S. D B Quinlan, Treas. Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Boyne, R S, 387 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas, Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Joe A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 2?1 st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 138 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P: 1618 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas, Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted st.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M O O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M O Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J B Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R, John McNamara, R S, Somonauk. Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denisuler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 1?0 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; P A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av.

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuess, C R, 1109 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas, Dr M B McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1088 W Lake st.

St Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 419 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas, Dr Emil Gilgebann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 25? Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R, Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWhistle, F S; D M Duggan, Treas, Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4428 LaSalle st, C A Reidy, R S, 728 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas, Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 8?? Tallman av, H W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; B Smith, F S; E ? Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall. Western and North avs.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st, Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st, Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas. Dr Jos P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 15? Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Burgomaster st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas. Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall 1?? Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—B J Cremer, C R, 22? Sherman st. Frank A Eucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Feitz, F S; Val Schmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommeta, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Beler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McPhee, F S; John J Maxwell Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, ?? N Boyne av; Edmund C Foley, R S, 41? Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas. Dr Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St Ambrose Court, No 29—P Favel, C R, ?? Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Thiebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas. Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 15? Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 2?? [illegible] av; W J Stapleton, R S, 3?? Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S. Edward O'Leary, Treas, Dr P B Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawton, C R, 241 Webster av; Jos F Lusk, R S, ??? Blackhawk st, J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in School hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Teemer, C R, 341 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson avs.

St. Martin's Court, No 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st, Fred'k Kriege, F S; M Franzen, Treas, Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Nseb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 2?8 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Dr P B Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas, Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court, L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2 30 and 7 30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas, Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas. Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont avs.

Cour Laval Court, No 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Cronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7 30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3187 Archer av.

St Bridget's Court No 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st, Peter H Heinriche, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Merech, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 694 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 158 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottna, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S, D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Bruccani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jaeques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 25? W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Moriveaux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee Ill.

St. Cecilia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecilia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams-sts.

County Delegate J. W. McCarthy Lemont, Ill.

County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.

County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.

County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 3?5 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 182 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V-P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec. 923 Thirty fifth-st.; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec. M. L[illegible], Treas. Meet at 2525 S. Halsted st., 1st Sundays of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres. J. Fletcher, V. P., Daniel Gordon, Rec. Sec. 669 S Halsted-st. P. F. Radigan, Fin Sec.; M Blake Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av and Union st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2106 State st; William White, V. P. Michael C. F[illegible], Recording Sec. 44 Depuyster st., P. V. Fitzpatrick Fin. Sec. James Fitzpatrick Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m. at 144 S. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av. M. Reilly, V. P., Peter Quinley, Rec. Sec. 4?? Forty-third-st. John Moore, Fin Sec., Mm Murray Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres. M. J. Barret 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Macnee 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien 376 S Morgan st.; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres. 3?5 Oak st; P. Doran, V. P. Michael L. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 353 N Market st. M J Lyons, Fin Sec. Jas. A Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Kean, Pres; T Ahern, V. P., J Colbert, Rec Sec. M J McMahon Fin Sec: T Farrell Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m in Eigerman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 98 Emerald av.; V. P. Dennis Foley, Rec Sec., John Helen 39? W Indiana st, Fin. Sec., M. K. Lynch Treas. Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor Paulina and Indiana st.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st. V. P. John [illegible] Roche Rec. Sec., William Lane 3138 Ashland av. Fin. Sec., William J Joyce Treas. James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Leek st and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec. Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 5 pm in Dorris hall, Lemont Ill.

Div. No. 15—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V. P., James Conway. Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st. Fin Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas, James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec. Lawrence Henely, Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts. V.-P. M Clark, Rec Sec., Jeremiah Bresnahan Fin. Sec. Jas. Mulcare; Treas. Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Dilton's school house, Central Park, Ill. at [illegible] p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres. James H. Lynch, 72 Archer av. V. P. C A Keady Rec. Sec. Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st. Fin. Sec. Joseph W. Connell Treas. Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres. Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P. John Moran, Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st. Fin. Sec., George Connolly, Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m. at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av. V.-P. P. McMahon, Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec. P J. Donohue, Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—Pres. William J. Dougherty, 47th st. and Centre av. V.-P. J. McGeoghegan, Rec. Sec. Thomas Baker, 4714 Loomis st. Fin. Sec. James Doherty. Treas. Patrick Grace. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p.m. at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter; V.-P., Thomas Flynn. Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st. Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham, Treas. R. Francy. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHerna 5229 Wentworth av. V. P. J P Dohuny, Rec. Sec. Hugh McNally 4425 School st., Fin. Sec. James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m. at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec Sec. Dennis Guest, Kensington. Fin. Sec. John Travers; Treas., Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 287 S California av. V.-P. Thomas Francy, Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av. Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas. James C King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres. Thomas Doyle, 3100 Lowe av. V.-P. J. O'Brien Rec. Sec., Charles P Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st., Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien, Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

EMERALD BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA.

INTERNATIONAL GRAND BRANCH.

Spiritual Directors, Rev. John F Brady, Lambertville, N. J.; Rev J. D. Bowles, Fremont, O.

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ST STEPHENS BRANCH No. 4.—President, Robert Lynch, 215 W Kinzie-st.; Vice Pres. Dr. William O'Connell; Secretary, P. J. McKeague, 566 Carroll av; Treas. J. J. Clements; Marshal, Michael Muldoon. Meets the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at the corner of Sangamon and Ohio streets.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

NATIONAL OFFICERS

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st, Yonkers, N. Y.

Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn

John L. Cunningham, 2200 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.

Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av. Jersey City, N J

Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.

John Patton, No. 1 Yeoman Ct., Boxbury Dist., Boston, Mass

Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.

John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg Pa

J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.

Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty third st, New York city.

Thomas Norton, 431 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal

J V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis

T. F. Thornton, 2?10 Third av, Birmingham Ala.

Danl Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo

P. M. Lunday, 3?3 Union av, St. Pueblo,

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

Thos. Noonan, 88 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.

John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.

Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.

P J. Walsh 19 Spring st Portland, Me.

Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.

Thomas Banas, Co. Secretary, 2?4 Mott st, New York city. Agent for New York.

OFFICERS OF THE ILLINOIS WIDOWS AND ORPHANS BENEFICIARY FUND.

President, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av Chicago.

Vice President, James Walsh, Springfield, Ill

Secretary, John Mulvihill, 378 W. Erie st, Chicago.

Treasurer, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av, Chicago.

Trustees, A Burke, P Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A. O'Donnor. State Medical Examiner, Dr. Molloy, Sixty-third st, and Wabash av, Chicago.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S. W. corner of Lake and LaSalle-sts.

County Delegate, John Bigane, Brighton Park, Ill.

County Secretary, J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 5 4, Oak Park, Ill.

County Fin Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty first st

County Treasurer, Phillip Dolan

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen, Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 45 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reordan. Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 2 p m

Div. 2—Pres. Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3525 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 198 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes. Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres. J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Maher, rec sec, Chas. McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; fin sec, Patrick Morris, treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres. James Lavel, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue, rec sec, Patrick McEnaney, Box 70, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety second-st, and Ill Cent. R. R., South Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres. Martin Dowling, 378 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill, rec sec, John Fitzmaurice, 349 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Dennehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p m in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts.

Div. 15—Pres. John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice pres. Mich'l J. Walsh, sec sec, Edw Quinn, 550 W 21st st; fin sec, Thos. Moran; Treas. Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av. at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres. John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M Connolly, fin sec, J T Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres. Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice pres. James Kearney, rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st, fin sec, M O'Connor, treas. Thomas McGourty. Meet the third Sunday each month at 446 W Twelfth st

Div 27—Pres. J. Bigane, 1874 39th st; vice pres. Michael Larney; rec sec, Peter Callaghan, cor Western & Archer avs; fin sec, John Bradrick, treas. John Larney. Meet first Saturday each month at Larney Hall, Brighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres. Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Nebraska st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st, fin sec, T. L Keys; treas, P Dougherty. Meet first Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at 3 p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts.

Div. 33—Pres. P. H. Chambers, Hyde Park; vice-pres, James Egan; rec sec, Thomas Kenny, 10? 5?th st., fin sec, Patrick McGrath; treas, Henry Lynch.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

COMMANDERY NO 63 OF THE R. C. U., KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

Thos Doyle, First Vice-Commander. T. J. Solon, Second Vice-Commander. A. E. Dolan, Secretary. D Sullivan, Treasurer. J. T. Normile, Captain. Meets every Thursday night in Sedgwick street school-hall for drill. Second Sunday each month in same place at 3 p. m., for general business.

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President, H. J. McGuire, 5133 Wentworth-av

Vice-President, Walter J Gibbons, 128 North Franklin st

Secretary, J. J. Garrity, 41 N Carpenter-st

Treasurer, W. H. Burke, 42 Pine st.

Marshal, J Doyle, 259½ E. Huron-st.

FATHER HAGAN'S Y. M. T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meet second and fourth Friday each month at O'Neill's hall, 679 W. Lake st. Pres., P. E. Hickey, 461 W. Indiana-st. V.-P., George P. Ellis; Rec Sec, B. J. Ford, 670 W. Ohio st.; Fin Sec., M. J. Kennedy, Treas. Wm. Close, Marshal, John J. Hickey. Sergt-at-Arms, Joseph Gubbins.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Organized Feb. 6, 1865. Meet at hall 227 and 229 West Harrison-st., on the 1st and 3d Mondays of each month at 8 p. m. President C Commins, 11 Gurley-st.; 1st V. P. J. J. Day; 2nd V.-P. Peter Reed. Sec'y J Cummins, 11 Gurley-st.; Ass't Sec'y, James Hackett, 35 Gurley-st.; Treasurer, John Shannon, 113 Park av.

ST. COLUMBKILLE'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the church at 2 p. m. Thomas Croak, President, 96 Walnut-st. 1st V. P., A. J. Foley; 2nd V.-P., M Haves, Rec Sec, John T. O'Connor, 519 Austin av., Fin. Sec. P Kavanagh; Ass't Sec., P. J. Sheehy, Treas., Edward Hayes; Marshal, R. J. Nash.

HOLY FAMILY T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Organized Sept. 6, 1870. Meet at their hall corner May and Eleventh-sts., the first and third Sunday of each month at 3 p. m. Pres., P. J. Doyle 714 Loomis-st. V.-P. S Riordan, Sec. P. M. McCaffrey 205 W. Twelfth-st.; Asst. Sec. D. W. Murphy; Fin. Sec., J. E. Cooney; Treas. J. W. Prendergast; Marshal M. F. Carroll.

SACRED HEART T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets in basement of church first Sunday every month at 4 p m. John A. Byrne, President; John J Griffin, V P; James W Griffin, Secretary, 389 S Halsted st. John Jennings, Ass't Sec; Patrick Griffin, Treas; James Lynch, Marshall.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S T. A. & B SOCIETY OF ST. PATRICK'S—President, J J O'Grady, 108 Emerson av, V P, W J Anderson, Fin Sec, Dennis L Harmon; Rec Sec, Thomas Garrity, 41 N Carpenter st. Marshal, Thos Roche; Sergt-at-Arms, F P Meehan; Spiritual Director, Rev P J Hickey. Meet second Monday and last Sunday each month.

ST. PIUS' T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Organized 1874. Meets the first Sunday of each month in School hall, corner of Ashland av, and Twentieth st. President, John D. O'Sullivan, 176 Moore st., V-P T McEnany; Cor Sec, E Quinn, 644 W Twenty-first st; Fin Sec, Wm Devereux, 73? W Twenty-first st; Treas, John Foley, Marshal, Thos Meagher; Spiritual Director, Rev E Muldoon.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

John Byrne, Pres; O. G. Smith, V.-P.; J. H. Carmody Rec Sec; John Shannon Fin Sec; P. J. Kennedy Treas; John Tobin, Knight Com; P F Davoren, Sergt-at-Arms. Meet in Horan's Hall, cor Halsted and Harrison sts., 1st and 3d Thursdays at 8 p m.

Catholic Knights of Illinois.

STATE OFFICERS.

President, M. Sharkey, Chicago; Vice-Pres., M. J. Walsh, East St. Louis; Sec'y, John E. Weeller, Carlyle; Treas., W. G. Kaune, Breese; Medical Director, Dr. J. Kohl, Belleville.

St. Mark's Branch, meets 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month in the Brothers' school hall, cor. Adams and Desplaines sts., at 3 p. m. President J. C. Croke, 140 S. Morgan st.; V.-P., P. J. Rowan 138 S. Desplaines st. Rec. Sec. John J. Donahue, 178 Sebor st.; Fin. Sec. John Carey, 229 S Robey st., Treas. R. McDonough, 116 W Madison st.

ST. GABRIEL'S BRANCH NO. 310—Meet the first and third Thursday of each month at 7.30 p. m. in school hall, corner Forty-fifth and Wallace sts. Pres. Austin J. Kilkenny, Transfer House; V-P. J. C. White; Cor Sec. D J. Fair 430 and Emerald-av; Fin Sec. J. F. Molony; Treas. J. B. Hartnett.

St. Stephens Branch, No. 117, C. K. A., meets on the third Sunday of every month, at 3 o'clock p. m., in the reading room attached to St. Patrick's church, Desplaines street. The following are the officers for the current year:

President, Edward McCormick; vice-president, John Conway; recording secretary, Mark Sharkey, 346 North Wood street, financial secretary, M. A. O'Brien, 344 Waubansia avenue, treasurer, Patrick Dolan, 236 North Clark street. All information regarding the association can be had by applying to any of the above.

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32 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

CAPT. JOHN SHEA.

He is Presented with a Star and Eulogized in Song.

An event of no ordinary interest took place last Saturday night at the residence of Capt. John Shea, on Wabash avenue. A large assemblage of prominent citizens waited upon the Captain, the occasion being the presentation of a magnificent gold star, with one of the largest and purest of diamonds in the centre. Experts present pronounced the star one of the most chaste and elegantly finished ever manufactured. The assemblage was called to order by Mr. Owen Murray, who, having stated the object of the meeting, nominated the Hon. James M Healy for chairman and County Commissioner John C. Schubert for secretary. The newly elected South Town assessor, Jacob W Richards, was then introduced, and in a neat and highly complimentary speech he eulogized the private and public character of the guest of the evening, Capt. John Shea. In placing the emblem of authority upon his breast he expressed the sentiments of all present that he might live long to enjoy the honors and high esteem of his large circle of friends.

Speeches were made by Inspector Simon O'Donnell, Charles Crane, Capt. Long, John Dunphy, Capt. Kipley, Rev. Father Kelley, Maj W. C. McClure, Col. John Trayner, Owen Murray, Aldermen Burke, Hickey, McGillen, and many others. During the evening refreshments were served, and the proceedings were interspersed with songs and pleasant stories. Over one hundred prominent citizens called during the evening to pay their respects to the guest.

The following original poem, written for the occasion by a reverend poet, was read by Maj. W. C. McClure:

TO JOHN SHEA.

All hail! all hail! oh honest John, thy deeds above shall be
Like stars so bright, that shine at night, o'er lowly Galilee.
How shall we praise a noble soul, a great and generous heart
O'erflowing with all virtues that are its counterpart.

Gay songs of old, the bard did sing, and praised the conqueror's name
And begged for him unending years and begged undying fame.
But widows wept and orphans moaned, and cursed the cruel hand,
That drove the steel and drew the blood, that reddened all the land.

No widows weep, no orphans moan, no blood is on thy brow,
But yet we know you well deserve this blooming laurel bough,
Then bard of old, come sing your songs, and strike the tuneful lyre,
Come sound the praise of noble John, the bravest of his sire.

And yet another sacred love holds place within thy breast,
O Emerald Isle! O Isle of Saints! O land by Patrick blest.
To you, her heart forever turns in sorrow or in mirth,
And we, like him, have learned to bless the land that gave him birth.

And thus it is that thou has gained our hearts and all our love,
May God propitious look on thee from his bright throne above.
May he thy great protector be, in peril and in strife,
And give to thee, John Shea, a long and glorious life.

May peace, and calm, and holy love, and joy serene be thine.
And may thy deeds like stars in heaven, forever brightly shine.
May roses then with ne'er a thorn, bloom ever in thy way.
That leadeth thee, O honest one, to fair eternal day!

Accept then, O Captain Shea, the present that we make,
And with the best of wishes the sparkling diamond take.
And though the gift be small no words can well impart—
The joy and loving ecstacy, that fills each grateful heart.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

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To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM MICHAEL MURRY, deceased—All persons having claims against the estate of William Michael Murry, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1890, being the 16th day thereof. ANNA MURRY, Executrix,

Dated Chicago, April 9, 1890.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY, or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 Pearl St., N.Y.

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XXX Oyster Crackers, ℔ ℔	5 Cents
Oval Butter Crackers, ℔ ℔	5 Cents
India Tea Crackers, ℔ ℔	5 Cents
Ohio Cream Crackers, ℔ ℔	6 Cents
Jersey Butter Crackers, ℔ ℔	7 Cents
XXx Milk Crackers, ℔ ℔	6 cents
XXX Lemon Creams, ℔ ℔	7 cents
XXX Ginger Snaps, ℔ ℔	7 cents
"McGinty's." ℔ ℔	9 cents
Ginger Cakes, ℔ ℔	8 cents
Cracknell's, "The Finest," ℔ ℔	13 cents
Oat Meal Crackers, ℔ ℔	7 cents
Assorted Jumbles, ℔ ℔	9 cents
Fancy Lemon Crackers, ℔ ℔	9 cents
Stage Plank, ℔ ℔	9 cents

BUTTER.

To go with the above we will Sell the Finest Elgin Creamery Butter at

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In conjunction with the ERIE SYSTEM, operates DAILY, FAST, VESTIBULED TRAINS TO THE SEABOARD. You may travel in Palatial, Pullman, Buffet Vestibule Sleeping Cars or Luxurious Pullman Vestibule Day Coaches, and save $1.50 to New York, Buffalo and Niagara Falls; $2.85 to Albany and Troy, and $3.00 to Boston and New England cities.

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ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF JOHN GRIFFIN, DEBTOR. The undersigned hereby gives notice that John Griffin, of Chicago, in the County of Cook, and State of Illinois, did, on the 4th day of March A. D. 1890, transfer to the undersigned, as assignee, all his property, real and personal, for the benefit of his creditors, according to the provisions of the act concerning assignments.

All persons having claims against the said John Griffin are hereby notified to present such claims, under oath or affirmation, to me, at Room 6 81 Clark street, Chicago, in said county, within three months from this date. PATRICK GARRETT, Assignee.

Dated March 19, 1890.
M. E. Ames, Attorney, Room 6 81 Clark-st.

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For tickets, sleeping car reservations, time tables and other information, apply to Agents of the line or to Ticket Agents anywhere in the United States or Canada.

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Had the Desired Effect!

CARROLLTON, GREEN CO., ILL., Nov., '88.
I highly recommend Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic to anybody that has suffered from headache as my son did for 5 years, because 2 bottles of the medicine cured him. M. McTIGUE.

Weakness of Memory.

ZELL, Faulk Co., Dak., Nov., '88.
I was troubled with forgetfulness and tried many remedies, but of no use—I had almost despaired when somebody recommended Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. I tried it and took but 2 bottles of it, which brought back my memory as good as ever. I therefore recommend this remedy to all sufferers, it does more than expected, it speaks for itself. GEO. PANIAN.

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This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Kœnig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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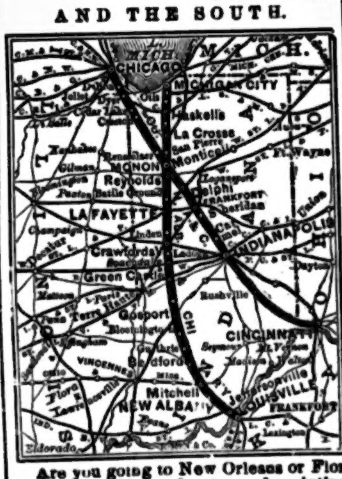

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